HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. II.—No. 104.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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MY CHRISTMAS SONG.

CHRIST was born on a Christmas morn,
And this is a Christmas day,
It is clear and cold, and the year grows old,
Soon will it pass away.
"The King is dead—Long live the King!"—
This Christmas day the bells shall ring.

Christ was born on a Christmas morn,
And this is a Christian town,
There's a fair array on bright Broadway
Of the walkers up and down.
God save and bless the merry throng
Whose hearts are filled with Christmas song!

A measure sweet, the beautiful street,
'Tis a poem of delicious rhyme;
The steady flow of the crowds below
Is keeping, keeping time.
Thank Heaven for this, that I belong
Where I can hear such Christmas song!

So here I stand, in this Christian land,
And look at the crowd below,
And amid the throng, as it glides along,
Is a man with locks of snow.
"Oh, beggar, beggar lame and gray,
Hast thou to beg this Christmas day?

"No friendly hand in this Christian land
Has lain its palm in thine;
In a kindly way, on this Christmas day,
Invited thee in to dine.
Oh, beggar, beggar gaunt and gray,
Is this for thee no Christmas day?

"Here I stand with an outstretched hand,
And view my lonely board;
For me doth wait, in silent state,
A dinner for a lord.
Come thou, this day, with me and dine,
And I will give thee rare old wine.

"For I have health, and I have wealth,
And I have friends a score:
The will's my own to dine alone
And think on days of yore;
And thou, old man, my only guest,
Shall eat and drink this day the best."

"Oh, stranger kind, the winter's wind
Hath chilled me through and through;
Full many a day hath passed away
Since I was dressed like you:
And many and many a weary year
Since I have seen the plenty here!

"Oh, gorgeous wine! its bubbles shine
Like rubies careless flung;
Each beaker brims with silent hymns
That make my heart grow young.
Oh, stranger, thou art good and true—
Here will I live, and die with you!"

"Drink deep and free till the bottom you see
Of every beaker and can,
And eat of the best as a welcome guest
My jolly and gay old man.
I make thee honored here to-day,
Eat thou, and drink, and go thy way!"

"Oh! false and vain are the hopes I gain
From the blushes of thy wine;
It brings from the dead the hours that fled
Can never again be mine.
Oh! weak, delusive, woeful dream,
How dark it makes the future seem!"

"Adieu! adieu! may the days be few
That thou may'st have to roam!
May it please the Lord of his own accord
To call thee speedily home!
Oh! beggar, beggar gaunt and gray,
'Tis bad to want on Christmas day.

"Christ was born on a Christmas morn,
And this is a Christmas day,
It is clear, and cold, and the year grows old,
'The King is dead—Long live the King!'—
This Christmas day the bells shall ring.

"The fire grows bright, while fades the light
Upon the busy street;
God bless the fire, I'll draw me nigher
Unto its cheerful heat.
The curtains draw and close the blinds,
Keep out the night and wintry winds.

"'Tis good to dine with glorious wine
On merry Christmas day;
'Tis very sad to be ill-clad
In winter on Broadway.
So learn this lesson well, old man;
Get rich as quickly as you can.

"Christ was born on a Christmas morn,
And this is a Christmas day,
It is clear, and cold, and the year grows old,
Soon will it pass away.
'The King is dead—Long live the King!'—
This Christmas day the bells shall ring."

HOW RICH PEOPLE LIVE IN THE COUNTRY IN FRANCE.

[*Our Special European Correspondence.*]

"CHATEAU DE W——D, *November*, 1858.

"You are too soon for Paris. You have nothing to do there. Come here and help us to shoot a few hares, and see something of our *vie de chateau* in France."

Such was the purport of a letter I received a few days ago, and such the kind invitation which is the cause of my letter being written from this hospitable abode; and I believe my observations from the chateau will have greater novelty than any I could have given you from the streets of Paris. There is really little known of French domestic life in other countries. They so seldom admit strangers to any thing like intimacy, or receive them in their homes—especially their country residences—that even in England there is an idea that French chateaux are gloomy, uninhabitable, uninhabited abodes, where the family live in two or three of the smallest rooms during *la belle saison*, while Madame recruits her purse and her strength for the demands of a Paris winter, and Monsieur looks closely after his *fermiers* and their crops of corn, or the vineyards and the wine-making. This may be true of those graceless structures which meet the eye in traveling on the high-roads in France, so solemn and deserted, with an avenue of poplars leading to a door which seems as if no one ever had or ever could wish to enter it. But here, thirty miles from Paris, it is very different; and I am surrounded at this moment with every luxury and appliance of comfort that wealth and refined taste can procure. Shall I first describe the chateau or its inhabitants? Place mesdames, since they are here in the majority. The lady of the house is still young enough to be very charming, and as Mademoiselle de Z—— had a reputation for beauty and grace not often attained in Parisian circles by the unmarried. The mother and grandmother of this lady, with their servants, are now here on their annual visit of two or three months. Also a married sister, with her husband, and children, and tutor, and governess, etc. I always say there never was a country where there were so many grandmothers as in France. Every one one meets seems to have three or four, whereas in America one knows such did exist, but one seldom possesses them. I am sure I never had any.

My host is a descendant of an old Huguenot

SANTA CLAUS PAYING HIS USUAL CHRISTMAS VISIT TO HIS YOUNG FRIENDS IN THE UNITED STATES.

family, and himself a zealous Protestant—one of that little band who, isolated in the midst of Catholic France, possess much interest for their co-religionists in England and America. I have often thought that Protestantism was eminently adapted to the French mind and character. They are, of all nations, the most disposed to doubt and to examine, the most matter-of-fact and distrustful of what appeals only to the imagination. I wonder whether if Henri Quatre, resisting the promptings of his own sagacity and the persuasions of his counselors, had held fast to his early faith, he could not, with his popular qualities, have made it that of the majority of his subjects? Historians say not; but I have my doubts. The Spaniards and Italians, with their ready faith and dreamy imaginations, seem *natural* Roman Catholics; but not so the French. There is a farm belonging to my host which was an old residence of the Plessis-Mornay's, the faithful friend and minister of Henri Quatre, and to which Madame de Plessis-Mornay often alludes in that charming sketch of her husband's life which has been published, in the quaint old French, among the several volumes of a late edition of De Plessis-Mornay's papers and correspondence. All are interesting; but particularly the narrative of the wife, which breathes the old Puritan spirit of devotion to duty under every form. The French Protestants, as a class, stand out very distinctly in this country, and with a good deal of the exclusiveness of a body not possessing the sympathies of those around them, and, indeed, now regarded with much jealousy and even faintly persecuted by the priests and their party. They contain among them some of the most wealthy and intellectually distinguished inhabitants of France, and their moral good conduct and holy and extensive charities would be remarkable even in England, which is supposed to take the lead in these excellences.

And now for the chateau. It is in the time and style of Louis Treize, and in length covers a good deal of ground. There is a large entrance-hall, paved with marble, with doors to the right and left, leading to the principal apartments. The former consist of a billiard-room, then a large, beautiful drawing-room, the walls hung with old Beauvais tapestry representing birds and flowers, and the ceiling exquisitely painted to harmonize with these and the finely-carved oak doors and panels. Separated by corridors is the dining-room, also modernized with painted ceiling and walls and oak carvings. On the left are the library, and the sleeping-rooms and dressing-rooms of the family. Those appropriated to guests are on the second story, and very comfortable, with those luxurious beds only to be found in France, where the thick mattress of soft wool is *made over* every year. The suits of rooms are very complete, those for ladies having each a dressing-room and a maid's room attached. Those of *husbands* and bachelors are equally comfortable, with an *English* sponging bath in each. The country is not very picturesque near the chateau, though highly so at a little distance; but there is a park with deer and ornamental water, and a kitchen-garden, and what they call a *Jardin Anglais*—a sort of wilderness of trees and shrubs—and there are noble avenues of old trees in various directions around, now rich in their autumnal foliage.

We had here yesterday a *déjeuner de chasse*, to which all the gentlemen of the neighboring chateaux were invited, and it presented in the guests—as all society must in France, where political changes have been so frequent—a great variety of parties and positions. There was a Legitimist Duke, of one of the oldest and proudest French families, who has enormous wealth, and who, with two or three feudal ancestral chateaux, has lately built a sumptuous one in this neighborhood. There was a scion of another noble house and historic name, and who was accompanied by a relative who is married to an American lady. He is a good-looking young man, and a thorough sportsman. In contrast with these was a Duke whose title was a creation of the first Napoleon, and who is one of the most amiable and pleasing persons about the court of the second. He, too, is allied to Americans; for his sister married the son of one, though the name is *now* Frenchified. There was, too, old Monsieur V——t, an Academician and an elegant writer, not come to join in the sporting, but to enjoy the society. There was Monsieur de B——, an ex-diplomatist of Louis Philippe and an unflinching adherent of the Orleans family, and several other well-known *habitués* of the Parisian clubs and *beau monde*. The usual breakfast-hour of the chateau is eleven o'clock, but to accommodate the supposed eagerness of our sportsmen it was on this occasion an hour earlier. It was a regular repast of all the viands of a dinner, with the exception of soup. There was tea, and coffee, and wines of all sorts. Conversation was general and amusing, and the wit genial and exhilarating, avoiding skillfully all serious or political subjects. The repast lasted an hour, and then we watched the sportsmen off; for, though invited "to kill hares," I preferred the society of the ladies. The shooting here is mostly *en battue*, which is very dangerous, but perhaps less so for Frenchmen with their military habits. If the word of command is not obeyed, and any one leaves the position in which he is posted, his risk is very great.

The only performance of my promise to descant in this letter upon the autumnal fashions which I can attempt, is to describe the dress of the ladies of the house, which is always most *recherché*, and which I had an opportunity of examining upon my return with them to the drawing-room. *La belle chatelaine* was in rich brown taffeta dress; the trimming of the skirt was only three bows of wide ribbon, disposed on each side *en tablier*, and with bows of rich silk cord inside the bows of ribbon. Long hanging sleeves, with inner ones and collar of plain cambric, and an embroidered muslin cap, trimmed with rose ribbons and Valenciennes lace, completed her simple and becoming *toilette*. Her sister, Madame de B——, was in a black moire dress of similar fashion, and a cap with cherry-colored ribbons; and her young daughter, of eighteen, was dressed in a dark-blue taffeta, with what they call a double skirt. I have neither time nor space to describe the grandmammas' dress. Suffice it that it was nicely appropriate to their age.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 25, 1858.

THE TRIAL OF MONTALEMBERT.

In a few weeks eleven years will have elapsed since the outbreak of the last great European revolutionary upheaval. History teaches us that, in Europe, political convulsions are periodical. Their periods can not be calculated with astronomical certainty; political science is, in that respect, less advanced than the science of the heavens. But that revolutionary crises do and will recur in Europe at intervals falling somewhat short of a generation is now a universally admitted proposition.

The last crisis took place in 1848; the one before that in 1830; the preceding one in 1823; the one before that in 1815—being, in fact, the culmination of an almost incessant series of political shocks which had lasted for twenty-three years. The general law would appear to be that such crises must occur once in every generation, but that the same generation never indulges twice in revolutionary movements. The governing principle would seem to be that the political systems of Europe are so bad that popular outbreaks are the natural refuge of the people; but that, all things considered, the cost and suffering caused by insurrections are so severe that a generation which has once risen in arms against its rulers never desires to repeat the experiment. These, of course, are mere empirical propositions: political science is yet too rude to test their accuracy.

Assuming their general correctness, it follows that France is at the present moment not far from a fresh revolution. Never, since the first revolutionary outbreak, has France been quiet for eleven years, save only during the long reign of that most sagacious of monarchs, Louis Philippe. He had learned so much during his long struggle with adversity, and his long apprenticeship to his trade, that he was able to hold a balance between established authority and popular aspirations for a period of eighteen years. He made very few concessions to the people. On the contrary, his government was less liberal in 1848 than it had been in 1831. But he managed so adroitly to divide his enemies; he neutralized so much opposition by a semblance of free government; he allowed so much sedition to exhaust itself harmlessly in the papers; he engrossed so much of the public attention by his wars in Africa; he secured so many popular leaders by a skillful use of money, that he ruled France longer than any ruler since the old monarchy, and became, we think, an exception to the law of periodicity which seems to govern French politics. It does not appear that the Emperor is following in his track.

For nearly ten years the policy of the Emperor Napoleon III. was characterized by matchless sagacity. He left nothing to chance. He studied out every combination, watched every event, wrought earnestly and faithfully—as a man who disbelieves in Fate; and he was rewarded by a career of absolutely unexampled success. He entered France, in 1848, as a homeless, penniless, hopeless adventurer; he strove to be President, and was elected; he aimed at the empire, and became Emperor; he disliked the Constitution, and abolished it; he wanted money, and got it; he had an old grudge against Russia, and paid it off; he required the aid of England, and obtained it; he sought to be paramount in Europe, and garrisoned Rome, bullied Switzerland, intimidated Spain, and overawed Germany; he craved personal popularity, and won at least an outward show of regard such as no other French ruler since his uncle has enjoyed; there was no object, in short, on which he set his heart that he did not attain. It seems that even in his case, however, the old rule was not at fault. Success proved a worse teacher than adversity; so unbounded a succession of triumphs damaged his intellect and slackened his energy.

In the month of January of the present year he began to make mistakes. He adopted new regulations with regard to the press which irritated every one without really doing him any good. He imposed fresh restrictions on personal liberty in France. He suffered the army to assume an arrogant and domineering tone to his subjects at large. He gravely impaired the good feeling existing between himself and the British people. He evinced a decided dread of assassination. He embarked in unwise foreign disputes, such as the late quarrel with Portugal. He contrived still further to irritate Austria. And now, last of all, he has prosecuted and procured the conviction of the Count of Montalembert, one of the most distinguished men in France, the head of the French Church, the only man of rank and influence who stood by him on the 2d December, 1851—and this, simply because the Count had expressed a preference for English liberty as contrasted with French servitude.

These evident errors would appear to foreshadow the operation of the law of periodical revolution to which we have alluded. It may be sooner, it may be later; events may precipitate or may postpone the crisis; but the general complexion of European affairs should warn all who have interests at stake in that quarter of the globe to prepare, at any moment, for a sudden and overwhelming catastrophe.

THE LATE HOMICIDE AT AUBURN.

The public are waiting anxiously to hear of some steps being taken by the State authorities in reference to the homicide of the convict More at Auburn. However little sympathy may be felt for the convict himself, it is clear that the power of inflicting death can not be intrusted to the inferior officers of our State prisons, who, as every one knows, are occasionally selected from the least worthy class of the community, and not unfrequently from the very chain-gangs of the penitentiaries. If an angry keeper may put to death a convict who irritates him, a new era in American prison discipline has begun.

No part of the late tragedy at Auburn was calculated to satisfy the public. How came the jury to be composed chiefly of prison contractors? Why was not the doctor's evidence taken, as it should have been, and as he wished it to be? How came the coroner to receive the absurd verdict that the convict's death was "hastened" by the showering, when every body knows that he was a hale, hearty man before he was placed under the instrument of torture and death?

These absurdities are too glaring to pass unnoticed by an intelligent people. The public feeling imperatively calls for a thorough inquiry into the subject; and if the matter is suffered to lie over till the meeting of the Legislature, it will be all the worse for those who now seek to stifle inquiry.

If the prisons of New York are to be mere modern editions of the dungeons of the Inquisition, it is right that the people should know the fact before they pay any more money for their support.

THE RIGHT OF VISIT.

Whether the right of visitation of foreign vessels has or has not been abandoned by the British Government, is a question which does not seem to be settled. The Administration assert that Great Britain has abandoned her old claim to verify the nationality of a vessel hoisting a foreign flag. Other authorities aver that the abandonment is only simulated, and that British cruisers will continue to visit American vessels whenever they are so inclined. The partisans of this view were much encouraged in their belief last week by the news of the boarding of the United States steamer *Washington*, in Nicaraguan waters, by officers of her Majesty's navy on that station. But it seems from the latest accounts that the British officers, on being called to account for their conduct by Commodore M'Intosh, distinctly disclaimed the pretension to visit American vessels as a matter of right; and asserted that they merely went on board the *Washington* to ask what the news was. So that, so far as the principle is concerned, the case of the *Washington* need no further be considered.

The points involved in the controversy between the United States and Great Britain, on the visitation of vessels at sea, are very simple and few in number. Great Britain asserts that, if a vessel is to be exempt from search and seizure because she may choose to hoist the American flag, a general license may be said to have been granted to pirates; for, henceforth, every pirate will naturally hoist the stars and stripes when pursued, and will thus avoid punishment and detection. Therefore Great Britain, though yielding the point in deference to our Government, still contends that it would be well for the principal maritime nations to agree upon a system under which it should be lawful for the war-ships of any leading nation to visit any suspected vessel, no matter what the flag she hoisted. To this the United States reply that the danger incurred by prohibiting the right of search and affording an obvious license to maritime evil-doers, is less than the danger which would flow to nations like this from the adoption of a system which would necessarily throw the police of the seas into the hands of Great Britain; that we do not apprehend that piracy can be revived, as in the present state of commerce it would be very difficult for any pirate to find a port at which he could dispose of his stolen goods; and that, on the whole, we had rather see an occasional slaver or pirate escape punishment than have our entire merchant navy exposed to detention and insulting search at the caprice of any British naval officer.

Great Britain has agreed to our terms, and the search question may be regarded as settled. It remains to be seen how the new plan will work. It is obvious that, at least for the present, it will give a remarkable stimulus to the African slave-trade. Already it is said that the yacht *Wanderer*, which was seized here as a slaver and released through the culpable remissness of the United States officials, has landed a cargo of fine healthy Africans on the Southern coast. In parts of the South the African slave-trade is regarded as a legitimate traffic, which has been improperly closed. Wherever this opinion prevails there will be no difficulty in landing cargoes of Africans. And now that foreign nations are forbidden to interfere with any ship which owns a set of United States colors, the only impediment to the active revival of the slave-trade will consist in the activity and energy of the national vessels which are detailed to prevent it. Is it presuming too far upon past experience to expect that this activity will not prevent the example of the *Wanderer* from being successfully imitated by other craft?

THE JURY SYSTEM.

The absurdity of the jury system in criminal cases has again been illustrated in the case of Cancemi the burglar and murderer. This man shot a policeman who caught him in the act of robbing a house—shot him dead, and ran away, crying out to his pursuers, "Me no shoot!" He was four times tried and thrice convicted—twice of murder; the third and last time, through the obstinacy or stupidity of some members of the jury, of manslaughter. The idea of finding Cancemi guilty of manslaughter is too absurd to deserve criticism. The only question for the consideration of the jury was this—Was Cancemi the man who shot the policeman Anderson? If he was, he was guilty of murder in the fullest sense, and of the most aggravated kind; if he was not, he was perfectly innocent, and certainly the most injured man of the day. As to finding him guilty of manslaughter, the jury might as well have convicted him of rape.

Some of the newspapers consider this an instance of the maladministration of justice. In one sense it is so; but not in the ordinary sense in which that expression is taken. In the usual meaning of the words, justice is maladministered here because judges are ignorant, incompetent, or corrupt, and because magistrates interfere to release criminals from judicial vengeance. But none of the advocates for a reform in the administration of justice have ventured to assail the principle of the jury system.

It is, however, to the defects of the jury system in the abstract that the absurdity of Cancemi's sentence—and many other failures of justice, for that matter—are due. It is evident that at least some of the men who sat as jurors on Cancemi's trial were not blessed with common sense enough to see that the man was either wholly innocent or else a brutal, unmitigated assassin. There is no reason to believe that they were exceptions to the common rule of jurors. Every one who has had an enlarged experience of mankind will certify that three out of every five persons who are eligible as jurors are deficient either in common sense or in powers of reasoning, and that nine men out of ten are incapable of weighing the niceties of conflicting evidence and discriminating between false and reliable testimony. Yet it is upon the decision of such judges that the punishment of criminals depends.

The jury system has served its purpose in this world. It was invented by our ancestors as a safeguard against royal and lordly tyranny. It was a grand and a manly invention. To have established and maintained it reflects honor upon the English. Many and many a time it has saved an innocent man from the vindictive persecution of the king and his menials. But in our day it is quite out of place. In the days when it was of use judges held office at the pleasure of the sovereign, and would have been dismissed if they had failed to render the judgments he desired. In our day, and in this country, there is no sovereign who has private interests to serve. Judges are at present independent during their term of office. When the Constitution is amended, as it will be as soon as the people of the State are awakened to its faults, judges will be wholly independent.

In either case, it would be safer to intrust to them the ultimate decision of criminal cases than it is to leave that decision to twelve ignoramuses. They might err, no doubt; but they would err far less frequently than men who had not their experience to guide them; and it is much less likely that they, with their long training, would be led away by prejudice or passion than that extrinsic influences would affect the minds of ordinary jurors.

These opinions, though by no means new, are not yet popular. The time will come, however, when they will prevail; and the jury system, which has long survived its usefulness, will be consigned to oblivion.

THE LOUNGER.

TURNSPITTING.

It is pleasant to see that the venerable *Knickerbocker* has raised its cudgel against what it well calls *The London Assinæum*, for its uniform surliness toward American authors. The difficulty with the *Athenæum* is an old one. It is not aware that the world moves. It does not in the least suspect that American literature may be able to stand alone. So the *Knickerbocker* knocks it pleasantly about, and laughs good-humoredly at the clumsy depreciation of the ill-meaning journal.

And why should there be this incessant jealousy

and suspicion of American performance on the part of England? It almost seems as if the Englishman, as such, had never forgiven our breaking away from the leading-strings of the Mother Country—as if he thought there must necessarily be something rebellious to all laws in the nature of the new country.

Now it is undoubtedly true that our literature smacks greatly of other influences than the pure American; and the same thing is relatively true of the English, and of all other. The German and French influence are perceptible enough in modern English literature. But the best spirit of all modern literature, in any country whatever, is the same. It is a humane, liberal spirit; full of sympathy with the human race, and of respect for the individual. There were never, for instance, three more tremendous democrats—and each in an entirely different way—than Carlyle, Buckle, and Emerson; and the popularity of certain writers and speakers in this country shows plainly enough the tendency of public sympathy. It is a purely Protestant and hopeful tendency.

Now that there is any kind of development or law in literature the poor old *Athenæum* never suspects. That a book is any thing more than a certain quantity of paper with more or less humor or gravity printed upon it, has not yet penetrated the consciousness of the *Assinæum*. Why, it is not yet sharp enough to tell what is really Yankee from what is not; and actually believes that the books of Sam Slick have some kind of relation to some kind of life or person at some time known somewhere upon this continent.

Now that any Englishman should find any fun in the ghastly dreariness of Sam Slick's "humor" is an individual affair. Nobody can justly complain of it, whatever his astonishment may be, any more than he can properly complain of the clothes which the individual John Bull chooses to wear. But that any Englishman in London, with weekly communication across the Atlantic and with plenty of accounts of this country, should really believe that there is any such lingo prevalent here as is printed in the English critiques of us and our books and our doings, is delicious. The English have the best reason to know that we are not natural fools; but they like to insist upon supposing that we talk like such.

And with this quality of knowledge, and with no conception of literature as a science, the London *Athenæum* regularly calls every American book "stupid," "dreary," "trash," "stuff," etc., etc. The *Knickerbocker* recalls the *Assinæum's* notice of 'Nothing to Wear" (the special bantling of the *Weekly*). "After half a column of generalities, without any allusion to the poem at all, it 'cribs' the whole of it, and 'returns thanks' at the close of the entertainment which, for once, it gives its readers, in this wise: 'The ballad-writer is said to be a Mr. Butler, of New York; and the *Yankee* origin is indeed apparent in jests and local allusions, neither very funny nor very intelligible to London readers. But the nonsense, on the whole, is good nonsense; and we have quoted it in order that the grave reader may find something in to-day's number of the *Athenæum* that he may safely *skip*—if he pleases.'"

If that be not an alarming case of humor, where shall we look for it? If that be not a lightsome elephant, dancing cheerfully among eggs, there is no such spectacle to be seen.

"There was an old woman of Prague,
Whose words were excessively vague;
When they asked, 'Are these caps?'
She answered, 'Perhaps'—
That oracular woman of Prague."

But, upon the whole, the neatest specimen of *Assinæum* wit is calling Longfellow Mr. Protracted Fellow.

American publishers are naturally beginning to omit the notices of the *A.* from their advertisements, and American authors have learned to survive its sneers. At present the London *Athenæum* is merely the publishers' circular of the London trade.

PERPLEXITY.

Is it love, or only fancy,
That my life is so absorbed
In her being, void of grace,
Wayward, wild, and young?
My life's heaven is strangely orbed,
Swayed and perturbed by a face,
Which, like charm of necromancy,
Over me is hung.

F. G.

Dees F. G. remember

"Cold and clear-cut face, why come you so cruelly meek?" etc.

A NEW STATUE.

In Philadelphia there is a new statue, by Steinhäuser, lately arrived. It is a boy playing the violin. The figure is slight, and lightly draped; one hand draws the bow across the strings, and the head, with long hair and youthful beauty, is turned upward toward the sky. It might be called Aspiration or Inspiration; for the face and attitude are full of ecstasy. The work is simple and beautiful, and wrought with ease, but without that exquisite elaboration which distinguish the statues both of Crawford and Powers. There is a springing lightness of movement which is very striking, as if the force of emotion almost drew the feet from the ground. "New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill"—it is the spirit of Music remembering its native realm, and enchanting its new home.

STATE MURDERS.

Is it generally understood that criminals in our state prisons are to be punished for misdemeanors so severely that they die under the infliction, and the only public criticism consist of a paragraph in some newspaper? Two or three weeks since a stout negro in the Auburn State Prison was "showered" for punishment, and although he struggled, and promised, and prayed, the torture was so acute that he died in three minutes after it was over.

Nobody is guilty of course. In this sensitive and boasting century and country a prisoner is tortured in a manner to disgrace the Inquisition, and universal silence closes in. It used to be "only a Jew" that suffered—now it is "only a nigger." Suppose it had been Huntington at Sing Sing, or Tuckerman at Wethersfield, who had been so put to death, should we all have forgotten it the next minute? Should we not have had protests and investigations, and reports and meetings, to inquire into the management of our prisons? Suppose some miserable filibuster had been done to death in a Cuban or Nicaraguan prison, would not our wrath have been exhilarating to behold?

It is to be hoped that the new Governor and Legislature will find time to ask a little about this extraordinary event; at least to ascertain if it be extraordinary, or whether, because criminals are sometimes supposed to be brutes, it is considered necessary to put them in charge of brutes. What prison-life and discipline may be in England we have all learned from Charles Reade's "Never too late to Mend." What it is in New York we have learned from the shocking homicide at Auburn.

A PURITAN IDYL.

LONGFELLOW's new poem has now been fully admired and abused. And yet abuse it as the sharpest critic may, he can not prevent his inward eye from seeing the lovely range of pictures that glimmer along the music, like reflections in a limpid brook. The picturesqueness of the poem is very striking, and Mr. Ehninger has drawn a series of very happy illustrations which have been faithfully photographed by Brady; and which, with the proper text, will be issued immediately by Rudd & Carleton, making one of the most unique and beautiful holiday volumes ever published. In fact, the drawings are conceived and executed in such perfect sympathy with the spirit of the poem, and of the time and manners it describes, that they are a living commentary upon the verse, and will be always valuable as works of art. The artist has infused the sweetness and heroic simplicity of the story into each picture; and as the style has the advantage of exactly reproducing the design, every copy is, as it were, especially illustrated by the artist's own hand. Mr. Ehninger has achieved a great success. The figure of Standish is admirable, and the scene in the council is full of characteristic Puritan heads, most faithfully elaborated. The eye glides satisfied and delighted from the interview of Miles Standish, the wooer, with the scribe John Alden, to the exquisite pastoral of Priscilla (the comely Puritan Europa) with Miles Standish, the friend, and handsome John Alden, the bridegroom.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—SALUTATORY addresses, from

"GRIGGSVILLE, PIKE COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

"ALMIGHTY LOUNGER,—What an incorrigible autocrat your great good humor, inexhaustible patience, profound wisdom, and extensive acquaintance seems to have rendered you. At once kind and conciliatory, arrogant and cruel, thou art indeed the myth of marvelous proportions—the great among the great, the small among the little."

And three more pages. This, however, seems to be sufficient.

—The Lounger's friends who knock their heads against the stars are getting at loggerheads. Thus:

"OH, JUPITER!

"The Lounger's Jupiterian correspondent is *slightly* in error in his calculations. Jupiter is indeed quite a sizable planet—some fourteen hundred times as large as the earth. Men, etc., in order to be in proportion, must be fourteen hundred times as *large*, not fourteen hundred times as *long*, with other dimensions in proportion; or say, rejecting fractions, eleven times as long, wide, and high. The *man*, then, instead of being a mile and a half high, is only about sixty-five feet, and his cigar is about the size of a bed-post.

"The small error of our friend is that he has made objects 2,500,000,000 times the size of corresponding things on earth, instead of 1400. VIX."

—On the other hand, the intrepid aerial voyager and our special correspondent from the stars does not delay sending us the latest from Saturn. The Lounger supplies a few stars, in order to make the letter light enough to shine within limits:

"DEAR LOUNGER,—With the view of procuring you the tidings you desire from Saturn, Mercury, and neighborhood, I have just made a '*fancy flight*' to those two planets, taking the little asteroid 'Ceres' in my way.

"You will scarcely be surprised at my having accomplished so immense a journey in the short time that has elapsed since my 'Last from Jupiter' when you consider how infinitely swifter my mode of conveyance was than any thing that ever has been or will be used on earth—yea, than crawling electricity itself.

* * * * * * * *

"When approaching Saturn I bore in mind that, during my late visit to Jupiter, I had found its atmosphere so much impregnated with original caloric as to require but little aid from the sun's rays to be made genial to earth-human sensations; and hence I concluded that in Saturn also, though his distance from the sun is double that of Jupiter, the natural warmth of the atmosphere would amply compensate for the decrease of power the sun's rays had sustained in traveling so far. Again, on my way to Mercury, I prepared myself to find an inverse state of things; to wit, an atmosphere almost void of caloric, and hence capable of cooling down to the exact requirements of men from all planets even the fiercest darts its fiery neighbor could send. In both instances my conjectures were borne out by the facts."

He had naturally rather a contemptuous opinion of beings only a thousand times larger than men after associating with those who were fourteen hundred times that size:

"But when I had arrived at my destination, and Saturnian realities were before me; when, by trigonometrical survey, I found a Saturnian gentleman to measure precisely one thousand times myself (though I stand six feet two in my stockings); when every object I fell in with, animate and inanimate, was of such huge elevation that, let me strain my eyes and stretch my neck ever so much, I could not make out what it was, except from a distance and through a spy-glass; then I forgot all about the still greater bulk of men and things on Jupiter, and only awoke from an overwhelming sense of awe to think with pity and contempt of that puny ball faintly flickering yonder near the sun, called the earth, and of that dot which I knew to exist on it—New York, with its swarm of conceited human atoms."

The Lounger will try to find room next week for the *excursion to Saturn's ring*—a little relaxation which our correspondent allowed himself.

—It seems that Henrietta gave Nemo a chaplet of flowers; among them a sprig from a cedar-tree, which says, "I live for thee." Thereupon Nemo falls into uncontrollable verse, of which this is a strain:

"'I live for thee'—expressive phrase!
Exciting wonder and amaze,
That *woman*, lovely woman fair,
Should thus her love for me declare."

That, also, would appear to be enough.

"RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, *December* 8, 1858.

"MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS,—You will confer a great favor on me by letting me know who is the 'biographer' who drew the picture of Bolivar, as given in your *Weekly* December 4, 1858, page 771.

"As a citizen of one of the republics founded by the 'Liberator,' I feel an interest in knowing the *elegant* and *witty* writer who has presented your many readers with such important information of the indoor life of that great man. Yours very truly, C. C. M."

—*Histoire de Bolivar, par Gen. Ducoudrey-Holstein; continuée jusqu' à sa mort, par Alphonse Viollet* (*Paris*, 1851).

—This is a genuine challenge, which the Lounger emphatically declines. He thinks, however, that Chaucer is a good writer, and that Milton has produced some creditable verses:

"CINCINNATI, *December* 1, 1858.

"MR. LOUNGER,—I am a lover of the British poets; there is not one of them who does not possess beauties; but every man has his favorites, and I have mine.

"Shakespeare and Byron are two gentlemen with whom I am very intimately acquainted, though if I see them three times a day I shake hands with them, and discover some new virtues in them. Shakespeare, of course, we must allow Prince of Poets; that he has numerous faults is admitted, but that his beauties are more numerous his fame avows. Perhaps I have had the pleasure of gorgeously feasting on the most elegant conceptions of these two poets. I know that some will question the propriety of naming them on the same page, but this I allow to be the effects of prejudice.

"Now I say that in the use of language Byron is equal to Shakespeare, and often superior to him; that Manfred is as well drawn a character as we find in Shakespeare; that, as a poetical composition, Shakespeare has not written any thing to compare with 'Childe Harold.' Mr. Lounger, if you decline to answer these, perhaps some Lounger-admirer may take your part. I demand proof, and will give the same in maintaining my position.

"BYRON."

—E. A. S., from New Orleans, sings of Autumn:

"Fading
Are the leaves,
The autumn leaves;
Soon they'll forsake the parent tree.
Like them our lives are doomed to be;
Like them our mortal frames are made;
Though we may flourish yet we'll fade."

—The Lounger is greatly obliged to the singing-birds who make an aviary of his Letter-box. But does it ever occur to any impartial spectator that lounging, under certain circumstances, must be a serious business?

—Nebuchadnezzar, of "Louisianna," forgets that the Lounger considers that literary inquiry settled.

"NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, *November* 20, 1858.

"DEAR LOUNGER,—In your issue of to-day you speak of the addition of Lytton to the name of Bulwer—as I always supposed it was; but you seem to give us the idea that he was born 'Edward Lytton Bulwer-Lytton'—a compound which we American youth, at least, don't understand. I thought that he was born 'Edward Bulwer,' and after (in manhood) added, himself, Lytton to his name, as others did 'Sir.' Now, two questions in regard to this wonderful homogeny:

"First, If the gentleman was born of husband and wife (in this country), his surname, as last name, would be that of the father—in this case Bulwer. Why is it not so in Europe? Do they assume both names of their parents by law, or custom, or self-privilege?

"Second. What is the rule or law regulating the names of Lords (we are 'Sovereigns' here, we don't understand it), and Baronets, and great men generally?

"Dear Lounger, if you will inform us on this subject you will be doing a good service to the young minds who sometimes ask Why? DANA ERA."

—The novelist's father was named Bulwer and his mother Lytton. He was called Edward Lytton Bulwer. Upon the death of his maternal grandfather Edward succeeded to his estate and added the maternal name to his own. He, however, often omits the middle Lytton, as in the preface to the "Caxtons," in 1849, where he puts only the initials E. B. L.

—Will N. R., the Lounger's special correspondent from the stars, have patience?

—Forcible Feeble, of Stafford County, Virginia, is a sarcastic wag; but he must not think to hide his light under a bushel. When he asks for the authorship of the verses he communicates, his burning blushes betray him. Could any reader doubt for a moment that the following lines were by Forcible Feeble himself?

"Here I lies where nobody knows,
An' me sperit at aise is;
Wid de lid o' me eyes an' de tips ev me toes
All turned up to de daisies."

"BRUSH COLLEGE, 1858.

"MY DEAR LOUNGER,—In speaking of Mr. Everett, in the *Weekly* of November 27, you say, 'He is also an orator of fame greater than that of any American.' Isn't Mr. Everett an American?

"Respectfully, WINK."

—Mr. Everett *is* an American. The insertion of the word "other" after "any" will perhaps illuminate the difficulty.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Saturday, Dec.* 18, 1858.

THE past week has been a quiet one in business as well as in financial circles. Toward the close of the week, foreign exchange stiffened up, in consequence of the want of commercial bills; the best banker's exchange is held at 109¾ @ ⅞ for sterling, and 5.12½ @ 13¾ for francs. The drain of gold to the South continues. There is, however, no change in the value of money which we quote at 4, for call loans; 4½ @ 5½ for the best ninety days paper, endorsed; 5 @ 6, first-class single name paper; 6 @ 8, four and six months approved paper.

In stocks the business has been, as usual, confined to the members of the Board. There is no material change in prices since last week, with the exception of Illinois Central, which, on reports of great discouragement in England, has fallen five per cent. here. The market generally is dull and inanimate.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, Dec.* 18, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets have been rather more active for Flour and Wheat at somewhat firmer prices. Corn, Rye, and Barley have been very lightly dealt in, parties disagreeing about prices. Oats have been in good request at buoyant rates....A fair inquiry prevailed for Cotton, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Hops, Spirits-Turpentine, Linseed Oil, and Whisky at our revised quotations....Provisions opened heavily, but for Hog Products the Market closed briskly and buoyantly....Hay, Hemp, Seeds, Rice, Tobacco, and Hides were quiet....Tallow was in better request, and was dearer....Wool continued in lively demand at strengthening rates....Trade in Dry Goods has been very tame during the week. The demand has been quite limited. Desirable fabrics, however, have not been pressed on the market, and prices of such have been well supported.

We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl.	$3 60	@	$4 20
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	4 25	@	5 15
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	4 35	@	5 00
Extra Western, per barrel	4 90	@	8 50
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	5 30	@	7 75
Extra Canadian, per barrel	5 25	@	6 30
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	4 80	@	8 75
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 25	@	4 10
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 40	@	4 10
White Wheat, per bushel	1 18	@	1 50
Red Wheat, per bushel	66	@	1 28
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	75	@	76½
Rye, per bushel	77	@	78
Barley, per bushel	70	@	92½
Western Oats, per bushel	53	@	55
State Oats, per bushel	48	@	51
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	45	@	48
Southern Oats, per bushel	43	@	45
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 50	@	18 00
Prime Pork, per barrel	13 75	@	—
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	7 50	@	9 00
Cut Meats, per pound	6½	@	9½
Lard, per pound	10½	@	11½
State Butter, per pound	16	@	26
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	19
Cheese, per pound	8½	@	9½
Rice, per 100 pounds	2 75	@	3 87
Rio Coffee, per pound	9½	@	12
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5½	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	20	@	27
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6	@	8
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	25½	@	36
Hyson Teas, per pound	26	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound	25	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	—	@	25½
Hops, new, per pound	9	@	17
Hops, per pound, 1857	4	@	7
Hay, per 100 pounds	55	@	80
Tallow, per pound	10½	@	—
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 75	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	48½	@	49
Tar, per barrel	2 25	@	2 75
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 50	@	—
Linseed Oil, per gallon	63	@	65
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6	@	14
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	36	@	56
" Pulled Wool	32½	@	45

The Live Stock Market last Wednesday was more active for Beeves, at firmer prices.... Milch Cows were quiet, as were also Veal Calves.... Sheep and Lambs were less plenty and were dearer....Swine were in lively demand at improved prices.

The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compares as follows:

	Week ending *Dec.* 8.	Week ending *Dec.* 15.
Beeves	2,974	3,0[illegible]6
Milch Cows	215	125
Veal Calves	434	448
Sheep and Lambs	9,116	6,7[illegible]7
Swine	19,013	16,8[illegible]2

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound	$ 7	@	$ 11
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head	2 25	@	8 00
" " per pound	5	@	12
Live Swine, per pound	5	@	6
Dressed " "	6½	@	7½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets were quiet, with, generally, fair supplies, and no very remarkable changes in prices.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, new, per barrel	$2 00	@	$ 5 00
Grapes, per pound	12	@	18
Chestnuts, per bushel	3 00	@	3 75
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 00	@	2 25
Peanuts, per bushel	1 60	@	1 70
Beans, per bushel	1 15	@	1 75
Potatoes, per barrel	75	@	2 25
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	2 [illegible]0	@	4 00
Onions, per barrel	2 00	@	3 25
Turnips, per barrel	62	@	87
Beets, per barrel	1 00	@	1 25
Carrots, per barrel	1 00	@	1 25
Cabbage, per 100	2 00	@	5 00
Parsnips, per barrel	1 00	@	1 25
Cranberries, per barrel	7 00	@	16 00
Pumpkins, per 100	6 00	@	10 00
Celery, table, per dozen bunches	75	@	1 00
Celery, Soup, per dozen bunches	15	@	20
Garlic, per 100 bunches	4 00	@	5 00
Cauliflowers, per 100	2 50	@	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 25	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	24	@	25
Eggs, Western, per dozen	21	@	23
Chickens, per pair	40	@	62½
Fowls, per pound	6	@	10
Fowls, per pair	40	@	70
Geese, each	75	@	1 00
Turkeys, per pound	8	@	12
Wild Turkeys, per pound	10	@	13
Ducks, per pound	10	@	14
" black, per pair	37	@	50
" widgeon, per pair	25	@	37
" wood, per pair	37	@	50
Pigeons, per dozen	1 50	@	1 75
Woodcock, per dozen	3 00	@	3 50
Partridge, per pair	56	@	75
Snipe, Brant, per dozen	62	@	75
Plover, per dozen	1 75	@	2 00
Rabbits, per pair	25	@	37
Squirrels, each	3	@	5
Venison, per pound	6	@	10
Bear's Meat, per pound	10	@	12

CHRISTMAS—GATHERING EVERGREENS.

CHRISTMAS.

In wishing our friends a merry Christmas, we present them with four pictures of the season—gathering evergreens in the forest for chapel or ball room; the Christmas-tree with its wonderful foliage and fruit, more popular among children than the ripest peaches or ruddiest apples; the well-filled stocking at the foot of the bed; and last of all, the Christmas out of doors, with poor shivering creatures cowering under the storm, many of them, perhaps, with "nowhere to go." Let all who propose to spend a merry Christmas at home, with a Christmas-tree and sports of all kinds, think of the poor people who on that Christmas night have no warm fire to sit by, and no home to call their own.

Time was when it was unlawful to keep Christmas in New England. A penal enactment, we are told, actually forbade the pilgrims and their children from keeping Christmas; so closely was the day connected in their minds with the rites of the Church which they had reason to regard as their oppressor. In these Middle States and in the South Christmas Day has always been a popular holiday. Nowhere, perhaps, in the world is Christmas so heartily enjoyed as in New York. Every one remembers the lines:

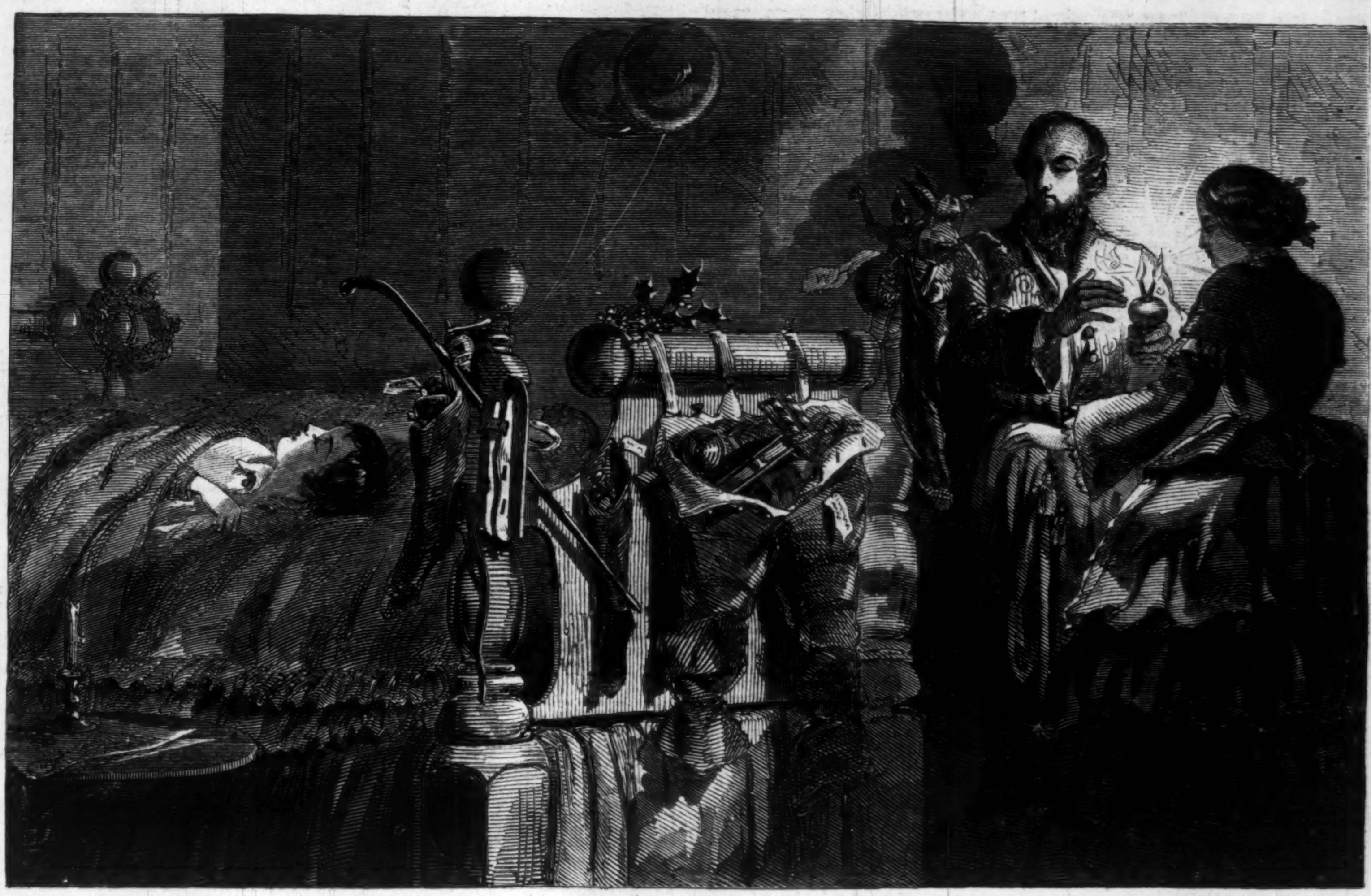
"Hark! the merry bells chiming from Trinity
Charm the ear with their musical din,
Telling all throughout the vicinity
Holiday gambols are now to begin.
Friends and relations,
With fond salutations,
And warm gratulations,
Together appear;
While lovers and misses,
With holiday kisses,
Greet merry Christmas
And happy New Year!"

It seems a question whether the Yule-log was ever introduced into this country as a necessary part of the Christmas ceremonies. One authority says:

"'Twas Christmas eve! the supper board was spread,
The fire blazed high, with logs of hickory fed."

Others, however, speak of the Yule-log as being

THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.



SANTA CLAUS AND HIS PRESENTS.

selected some weeks before from the forests. It is known that the Yule-log must be something enormous in size—so large as to blaze brightly and fiercely in the hearth until the feast is over. Herrick gives the following song on the subject:

"Come bring with a noise,
My merry merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing;
While my good dame she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your heart's desiring.
With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psalt'ries play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is trending.
Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here,
The while the meat is a shredding;
For the rare mince-pie
And the plums stand by
To fill the paste that's a-kneading."

The favorite dish for Christmas Day in this part of the world seems to be—as on Thanksgiving Day in New England—roast turkey. It is curious to note, in this connection, that turkeys were introduced into the land of our forefathers contemporaneously with the Protestant religion.

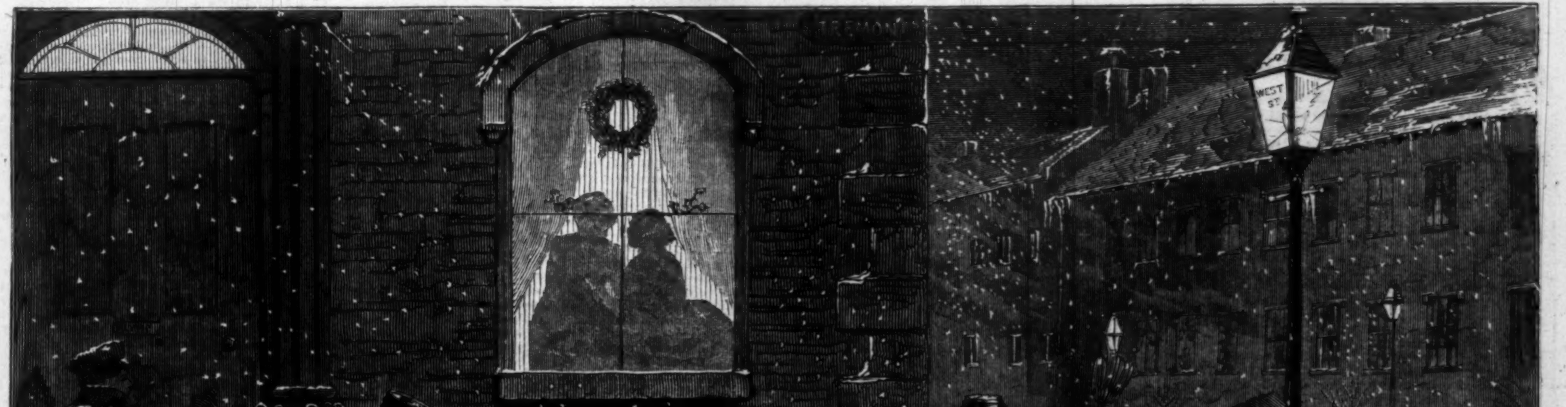
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, the 13th, in the Senate, the list of Standing Committees was read and adopted by a vote of 31 to 20. Senator Mason gave notice of a bill to equalize the compensation of our foreign ministers. Senator Clingman introduced a resolution calling for all the correspondence on the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. Laid over. On motion of Senator Gwin, the Pacific Railroad Bill was taken up by 30 to 13, and a speech thereon made by the Senator.——In the House, Mr. Clay moved a resolution calling for information as to recent British visits of American vessels off Nicaragua: adopted. The Watrous impeachment case was then discussed by Messrs. John Cochrane, Taylor, Maynard, Adrain, and Houston.

On Tuesday, 14th, in the Senate, a memorial was presented by J. Horsford Smith, praying to be allowed to import iron duty free. The Pacific Railroad Bill was then taken up in connection with an amendment of Senator Wilson to make the road follow the 42d parallel, and was discussed by Senators Stuart, Mason, Shields, Doolittle, Iverson, Brown, Foot, Green, Polk, Gwin, and



CHRISTMAS OUT OF DOORS.

Wilson.——In the House, after the reception of various reports, etc., the Watrous impeachment case was taken up, and discussed by Messrs. Ward, Cochrane, Vallandigham, Bryan, Reagan, and Bingham.

On Wednesday, 15th, in the Senate, various petitions were presented. The Senate declined to call up Mr. Clingman's Clayton-Bulwer resolution by 25 to 24; also the Pacific Railroad Bill by 24 to 24; then went into Executive Session.——In the House notices of bills to alter the tariff were presented. The Watrous impeachment case was taken up, and, after a speech by Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, the House resolved, by 111 to 92, that the evidence was insufficient to warrant the impeachment of Judge Watrous. The case of the contested election in the Third Congressional District of Baltimore was then taken up; pending discussion on which the House adjourned.

On Thursday, 16th, in the Senate, Senator Wilson introduced resolutions providing for the election of Territorial officers in Arizona (referred); and inquiring respecting the alleged landing of slaves from the *Wanderer*. Senator Clingman attempted to bring up his resolution for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, but was opposed by Senator Mason; leave refused by 28 to 22. A speech on the Pacific Railroad was made by Senator Bell. Mr. Townsend Harris was permitted to receive presents from the British Government. Other routine business was transacted.——In the House the Baltimore contested election case was taken up, and, by 108 to 90, Mr. Whyte was allowed to be heard on the floor. A resolution to declare the election void was tabled by 106 to 97. The House having gone into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and the subject of pensions to officers and soldiers engaged in the war of 1812 was discussed by Messrs. Phelps, Savage, Nichols, Burnet, Ritchie, Mason, and Dewart.

THE FIRST SHAD OF THE SEASON.

An affray took place on 18th, in Washington, between Hon. Mr. English, of Indiana, and Hon. Mr. Montgomery, of Pennsylvania. The *Times* says: "The parties met for the first time this session on Saturday, at the corner of Fourteenth Street and the Avenue. As they approached each other, English, ignorant of any ill-feeling existing, said, 'How are you, Montgomery? I am glad to see you;' at the same time extending his hand, which Montgomery declined, saying, 'I speak to no puppy, Sir!' English immediately struck him with a heavy lignum-vitæ sword-cane across the head, knocking him partially down and into the gutter, and breaking the stick. English stood with a piece of the stick and the sword—which had been drawn, not intentionally, but by the force of the blow—while Montgomery rose with a brick in his hand, which he, however, threw down, and English walked off. After English had gone some fifteen paces Montgomery again picked up the brick and threw it at English, who attempted to dodge behind a post. A piece of the brick struck English's boot-heel, but did no damage.

"Montgomery proceeded to a magistrate's office and procured a writ for English, while the latter returned to his room near by, armed himself, and then continued his walk. Hearing that Montgomery had sworn out a writ, English also proceeded to the office and gave bail for his appearance at court. Montgomery sent English word by the Lieutenant of Police that he would fight him, 'but not with weapons.' Montgomery weighs upward of two hundred pounds, and is regarded the stoutest man in Congress. English weighs about one hundred and fifty."

THE RIGHT OF VISIT CORRESPONDENCE.

We make the following extract from the British Government's dispatch renouncing the right of visiting American vessels:

"Her Majesty's Government, anxious to remove all possible repetition of the acts which appear to have caused so much excitement in the United States, and which might, if repeated at this moment, be detrimental to the good relations of the two countries, have sent further orders to the officers commanding the Cuban squadron to discontinue the search of any vessels of the United States until some arrangement, in the sense I have pointed out, shall be made by your lordship with the United States Government, or declined on their part.

"Should the Government of the United States not think fit to adopt some mutual regulation by which the officers of both States shall be enabled to verify the nationality of a suspicious ship, without offense to its crew or its country, her Majesty's Government will deeply regret that an opportunity has been lost to secure, honorably and forever, the two nations from those vexatious and irritating controversies which are inevitable as long as the letter of international law is made inflexibly to override those measures which experience and common sense recommend as necessary for the security of life and property on the high seas. I am, etc., etc.,

"MALMESBURY.

"LORD NAPIER, etc., etc."

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

From Mr. Cass's letter in reply we clip the following:

"The President is aware of the abuses to which the fraudulent assumption of the flag of one Power by the citizens or subjects of another may give rise, and he deeply regrets that the flag of the United States has ever been prostituted to unworthy purposes by such a reprehensible proceeding. At the same time he entertains a strong conviction that the occasional abuse of the flag of any nation is an evil far less to be deprecated than would be the establishment of a pretension like this, which is incompatible with the freedom of the seas. But, while avowing this conviction, he instructs me to say that the United States are not less solicitous than Great Britain that a remedy should be found for this false employment of national colors, to which Lord Malmesbury refers in just terms of condemnation; and the President, though not prepared to make any suggestions upon the subject, is yet ready to receive any propositions which the British Government may feel disposed to make, and to consider them with an earnest hope that the object may be safely and satisfactorily attained.

"But while communicating to his lordship these favorable sentiments of the President, it is due to the occasion to say that there are grave difficulties in the way of reconciling any kind of examination, looking to the detention of vessels, with that entire immunity which is so dear to the people of the United States and so important to all commercial nations. It is a practical question whose solution requires much cautious consideration; and all the assurance that can now be given by this Government is that it shall be discussed with an anxious desire that it may be so adjusted as to prevent the evil to be complained of, while at the same time the ocean shall be left free to the merchant vessels of all nations, each maintaining its own police without the interference with others."

VOYAGE OF THE "WASHINGTON."

The steamship *Washington*, of the Nicaragua line, arrived at this port last week from San Juan del Norte and Aspinwall. She left New York on the 7th of November, and arrived at San Juan on the 18th; learning there that the *Hermann* had not touched at San Juan del Sur, she proceeded after a week's delay to Aspinwall. Part of her passengers—such of them as had money to pay their traveling expenses to San Francisco—were taken to Panama and shipped on board the Pacific Mail Company's steamer. The remainder, greatly exasperated and distressed at the treatment they had received, were brought back to New York. While at San Juan the *Washington* was boarded by two officers of H. B. M. ship *Valorous*, who questioned Captain Churchill very closely about his passengers, etc., etc. Flag-officer M'Intosh promptly remonstrated against the interference, and a correspondence ensued between him and the British officer in command, which, we are assured, ended satisfactorily to all parties concerned. The presence of Sir William Gore Ouseley on board the *Valorous* gives an importance to this visit of British officers to an American ship which it would not otherwise possess.

THE CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SUBJECT.

Dispatches from Commodore M'Intosh state that after the steamer *Washington* was boarded by the British officers, he demanded explanations, when Captain Aldham disclaimed any intention to exercise the right of search, saying he had merely boarded the *Washington* to get the news; in other words, he had merely made the vessel a friendly visit, the same as our own officers make to British vessels. Sir William Gore Ouseley and his secretary have explained the matter pretty much in the same way. The prominent fact occurs in the correspondence that Great Britain exercises a protectorate over the Mosquito Kingdom. Mr. Ouseley's secretary said the British had abandoned the right of search, and that therefore the visit was not made under it. Commodore M'Intosh thinks the explanation of the British, in respect to the visit of the *Washington*, satisfactory, frank, and fair.

SENATOR DOUGLAS ON CENTRAL AMERICA.

In the course of a late Southern speech, Senator Douglas spoke in strong terms against the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, by which Great Britain had secured to herself an equal interest with the United States in the affairs of Central America. In the course of these remarks, he related a conversation that once took place between Mr. Bulwer and himself, at Washington, on the subject of the Central American treaty. Mr. Bulwer said he thought the treaty a good one, because it was reciprocal: the two contracting countries had equal privileges. "I agreed," said Mr. Douglas, "to consider the treaty a good one if I could have a little amendment added to it." "What is that?" asked Mr. Bulwer. "Why," said I, "the treaty secures equal rights to Great Britain and the United States in Central America; and after 'Central America,' I would have inserted the words, 'and Asia.'" "But," said he, "you have no interest in Asia." Said I, "you have none in Central America." "But," says he, again, "you have no *right* in Asia." "Very well," I replied, "and we don't mean that Great Britain shall ever establish any right in Central America."

THE LANDING OF THE "WANDERER'S" CARGO.

The Savannah *Republican* of 15th says: "The rumor which we announced in the *Republican* of Saturday relative to the landing of a cargo of Africans on the coast or islands near Brunswick, we regret to learn is borne out by many circumstances, which, though not strictly legal proof, are sufficient to carry conviction to any mind that this unlawful deed has been perpetrated. They were landed, we hear, on Jekyl Island, for which privilege it is said the negro traders paid $15,000, and that a steam-boat from this city went down and brought one hundred and fifty of them past Savannah and up the river to a plantation, from whence they were scattered over the country. It is said the cargo consisted of three hundred and fifty; but it is difficult to believe so small a vessel could hold so many.

"The *Wanderer*, on leaving New York, cleared for Trinidad, and thence to St. Helena, from whence she now hails, and accounts for being without regular papers now by stating that this Government had no consul there, and she could not obtain any. Captain Corrie has papers purporting to be from the native officials at St. Helena, but they lack the necessary seals.

"The report of the landing having come to the ears of Joseph Ganahl, Esq., District Attorney, he found that three persons had arrived in the Florida boat on Wednesday last. Circumstances directed the suspicions of District-Attorney Ganahl toward them, and he felt warranted in going before Judge Nichols, of the United States District Court, and taking the necessary oath for their arrest. Their names, as registered at the City Hotel, are Juan Bt. Rajesta, N. A. Brown, and Miguel Aguirvi, all hailing from New Orleans. As soon as it was reported around that the arrest had been made, Mr. Ganahl was approached to know what bail was necessary, to which he replied that it was not a bailable case, as the arrest was for piracy. They were put in jail, and, we understand, are provided with every thing of the best."

RETURN OF THE "NIAGARA."

The United States steam frigate *Niagara*, which left Charleston on the 19th of September, with the Africans taken from the slaver *Echo*, returned to this port last week from her philanthropic mission. The *Niagara* arrived at Monrovia on the 8th of November, and landed her dusky passengers at that port, together with provisions, clothing, and other stores furnished for their support and comfort by the American Colonization Society. Seventy-one of the negroes had died on the passage, leaving but 200 out of the original number received on board at Charleston.

SPIRIT-KISSES.

The Pawtucket *Gazette* relates the following pleasant incident of spiritual communication: "An enthusiastic believer was relating to a skeptic the spiritual performances to which he could testify, and among other things said that on a certain occasion the spirit of his wife, who had been dead several years, returned to him, and, seating herself upon his knee, put her arms around him and kissed him as much to his gratification as she used to when living. 'You do not mean to say,' remarked the skeptic, 'that the spirit of your wife really embraced you and kissed you?' 'No, not *exactly* that,' replied the believer, 'but her spirit took possession of the body of a female medium, and through her embraced and kissed me.' We presume that believers are often as willingly deceived as this man was."

PERSONAL.

Lieutenant-General Scott sailed last week in the *Marion*, for Charleston. He declined the military escort which was tendered him the day previous. He was accompanied to the steamship by G. W. Blunt, Moses H. Grinnell, Mr. King, and a few other friends. Unknown to him a squad of the Life Guards, under General Wool, proceeded to the pier, and fired a salute of thirty-two guns when the steamer sailed. Several hundred people assembled and cheered, and the General waved his hat from the upper deck. He goes to inspect the fortifications of Charleston, Key West, New Orleans, and other southern cities.

The trial of Thomas Allibone and Thomas A. Newhall, on a charge of conspiracy against the stockholders of the Bank of Pennsylvania, terminated on Saturday by a verdict of acquittal, given by the jury without leaving their box. The District Attorney abandoned the case, and the court instructed the jury to find for the defendants.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, referring to the operatic people, writes: "When Lord Napier went to see them, Parodi said, 'We have seen by the papers that you have been in Virginia.' 'Yes,' replied the Minister, 'I can't move, it seems, without having my name in the papers.' 'True,' naively replied Brignoli, '*we* public characters are always chronicled.' His Lordship colored and looked unutterable things, while the Italian warblers enjoyed the joke, and have told it on every hand."

A new poem by John G. Whittier, entitled "The Prophecy of Samuel Sewell," is announced to appear on the 6th of January. The Samuel Sewell referred to was an eminent Massachusetts judge, belonging to the period of the Salem witchcraft.

A correspondent of the Vincennes *Sun*, speaking of the pleasant domestic qualities of Mrs. Douglas, relates that, at the Chicago celebration, Mrs. Douglas was asked how she stood the canvass. "Very well," said she; "but I must go and get my husband some clothes—he has come out of the battle half naked. I got him two dozen shirts last spring, and two or three sets of studs; he lost all his shirts but two, and one that don't belong to him, and all the studs but four, which belong to four different sets; and, besides, he hasn't any of the other clothes that he started out with." His old white hat, however, rode out the storm, dilapidated, but safe.

The St. Paul's *Minnesotian* of December 4 contains the following item:

"Lord Cavendish, Mr. Ashley, and Lord Robert Grosvenor, about whose safety some fears were entertained, have arrived at Fort Gerry, Red River, in perfect health."

The *Albion* says that the sole reason of Lord Napier's recall is the delicate health of Lady Napier, who languishes under the trying climate of Washington.

The South Carolina Legislature, on 10th December, elected, on joint ballot, Colonel William H. Gist, of Union District, Governor for the succeeding term of two years. Colonel Gist was for many years a member of the Senate, and in 1848 was Lieutenant-Governor, during the term of Governor Seabrook. We believe that he never qualified as Lieutenant-Governor, but continued in his Senatorial seat, where he served for several years subsequently. Colonel Gist is very widely known throughout the State as a man of high honor and character. The fourth and final ballot resulted as follows: Whole number of votes, 159; necessary to a choice, 80. William H. Gist, 81; James H. Irby, 78.

A correspondent of the Rochester *Union* writes from New York that "Mrs. Cunningham, of Burdell murder notoriety, and her two daughters are living in an elegant mansion in Twenty-third Street, and apparently in easy circumstances. They give parties occasionally, and 'the head of the family,' it is said, was visible at the Opera the other evening. Augusta was married, recently, to a young Southern planter, and Helen, it is understood, is in a fair way to follow the example."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

SAFETY OF THE "INDIAN EMPIRE."

THE steamship *Indian Empire* reached Broadhaven, County Mayo, on the 26th ult. All well on board, but her fuel exhausted, and a portion of her cargo and woodwork consumed, and short of provisions. The ship laid to for a week, within a day or two's steaming of Galway, during two furious storms.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The Tralee *Chronicle* publishes the following letter from Valentia, dated the 21st November:

"Nothing of importance occurred since my last until Friday, when the weather was so fine that no further pretext could be advanced for not proceeding with the laying down of the shore end of the cable. The vessels accordingly proceeded to sea, and succeeded in submerging the few miles of shore cable, and in making a splice with the deep-sea portion about five miles off Douglass Head. This operation was easily performed, and it is much to be regretted that the remaining seven miles of shore cable left at Greenwich was not brought here and added to the part now laid down. Had this been done there is no doubt but the result would be satisfactory. This is more evident from the fact that, after passing the spot where the shore end terminates, some of the men, in their anxiety to continue the underrunning of the small cable, discovered a 'kink,' having the conducting wire exposed to the water, and, therefore, injuring to some extent the conducting power of the wire. The defective part was immediately cut out. But the underrunning was discontinued, though it is probable that other defects of the kind would have been discovered had they proceeded. This can not be said to be giving the present cable a fair trial. I am not aware that the shore cable has been tested since it was laid down, nor is there any person of sufficient experience here to do so; and when we recollect that some of the most eminent practical electricians of the day have differed materially in the manner and result of their testing, we must have very little reliance on the opinion of others of far less scientific experience. Nothing is therefore known of the present condition of the cable, or whether the laying down of the portion of the shore end has materially improved its condition, as the office has been shut up since the 1st inst., and the staff, with one exception, discharged (not removed to London, as has been asserted)."

FRANCE.

THE TRIAL OF MONTALEMBERT.

The correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writes:

"On the day fixed, between nine and ten o'clock, I was one of a small group of men who clustered round the doors of the entrance of the Palace of Justice, in order to be present at the trial of M. de Montalembert. At eleven o'clock we were admitted, and a few minutes after twelve o'clock the proceedings of the court began. The chamber is extremely small, holds about one hundred and fifty people easily, and about two hundred closely packed. I should think we were, altogether, over two hundred. I counted only ten ladies in the trial chamber, including Madame de Montalembert and her young, unmarried daughter.

"In his examination by the magistrate M. de Montalembert, with quiet determination, held to all he had said, but did so without the slightest 'fuss.' In answer to one question put, he distinctly said, 'Yes, I do esteem the political institutions of England preferable to those by which France is at present ruled;' and on another occasion he replied, 'I did and do mean to say that I admire the freedom England enjoys, and regret that France no longer enjoys it also.' At this he was stopped by the President, and told he was repeating the offense for which he was then being tried. He bowed, and said, 'I can not state facts other than as they are.' Moderately and resolutely, with the moderation that belongs to true resolution only, he assumed the entire responsibility of the incriminated act on himself, and said, 'I will take it exclusively if you desire it.'

THE VERDICT.

"When the Judges came back, after a deliberation of one hour and a half, you clearly saw that they felt the falseness of their position. A large body of sergents de ville were marshaled into the court, and the following enormity uttered by the presiding Judge: 'We had counted on the reserve of the public—we have been mistaken; instead of one sergent de ville, we have sent for several. Their duty is to watch every individual present, and if any one makes the slightest sign, to arrest him and bring him before the tribunal.' Thereupon, addressing the policemen, 'Now,' said the Judge, 'place yourselves so as that no one shall escape you, and be vigilant.' These men placed themselves back to back so as to command both sides of the hall, and set-to to 'watch' while the sentence was read, which condemns Montalembert to six months' imprisonment and three thousand francs fine. To this I will add nothing. The crowd went away in forced and breathless silence; but do you think at the bottom of that silence lies any thing suspicious for the existing *régime* as it is actually constituted?"

A PARDON GRANTED BUT REFUSED.

The *Moniteur* of the 2d inst. announces that, in consequence of the anniversary of the 2d December, the Emperor relieves M. de Montalembert from the penalties of the sentence passed upon him. The London *Times* claims this as a triumph of the English Press, but at the same time censures the Emperor for numerous acts of vacillating he has displayed.

M. de Montalembert writes to the *Moniteur* to the following effect: "I have appealed against the sentence passed upon me. No power in France up to the present time has had a right to remit a penalty not definitive. I am one of those who still believe in the right, and I do not accept the pardon. I beg you, and if necessary, demand you to insert this." A letter from Montalembert to the Archbishop of Paris, published in the *Indépendence Belge*, declines the Archbishop's intercession for a remission of the penalty. Montalembert lodged a formal appeal against his sentence on the 2d inst.

FALL OF THE EMPEROR.

The French Emperor's horse fell with him lately while climbing a bank in the forest of Compiègne. Both horse and rider rolled to the bottom of the embankment; and the journals being forbidden to mention the matter, it is supposed that his Majesty was severely *contusionné*; and the suspicion is increased by the seizure and persecution of a poor open-mouthed prophet, who gave warning that, before the year is concluded, "all this will disappear (*tout cela disparaitra*), and without vengeance, bloodshed, or violence, but by the finger of God alone."

MORPHY'S GAMES.

The *Times* correspondent says: "Morphy continues to play nearly every day at the Café de la Régence, against all comers, giving odds to the weak, and showing his brilliant points to the strong. Among those he has lately beaten in even matches were M. Ludinski, a celebrated Polish player, who came to Paris expressly, and who got beaten seven straight games: M. Laroche, whom Mr. Morphy declares the best French player, and whom he beat with ease; and M. de Riviere, a player who takes rank next to, if not equal with, M. Laroche, and who, in his various contests with Mr. Morphy, has occasionally beaten him. This M. de Riviere is a brother of your Captain de Riviere, of Blount notoriety. He is a gentlemanly, handsome man, a reporter for the Press, a brilliant chess-player, as we have seen, and, like the Captain, speaks English, their mother having been a Scotch woman. I ought to mention that Morphy has also beaten, with ease, and with great mortification to his adversary, a Frenchman by the name of Erkel, who came and challenged him, backed by a numerous array of friends, with something of the air of mockery with which Goliah defied David. It did not take Morphy long to reduce his bombast to the smallest possible dimensions."

LAMARTINE'S OPULENT BEGGARY.

The *Times* correspondent says: "We had the melancholy spectacle lately of the millionaire poet standing two hours before the Committee of Relief at a special meeting at the Hôtel du Louvre, explaining in detail the state of his finances. From his own mouth we learn that he has been slandered in the sum of his debts—they are but 2,200,000 francs! Of this he has paid the last year 900,000, so that there remains due but 1,300,000. But what do you think of a man who can pay off in one year $180,000, and who goes begging for money? Is it a beggar or a millionaire that has such brilliant resources at his command?"

THE SCHOOLS' QUESTION IN FRANCE.

A case has occurred in France which has a curious bearing on our schools' question. There is a French law which makes it obligatory on manufacturers to send to school all their factory children who are under twelve. The school is the public one, which is Roman Catholic. Mr. Walker is an English lace manufacturer in St. Pierre, and he has been summoned for having two English children in his service without sending them to school. He pleaded that they were Protestants and the school was Roman Catholic; but the plea did not avail, for the judge, who said that a free school could not be established for every sect, decided against Mr. Walker, fining him six francs and costs, on the ground that the defendant's argument tended to create for foreign Protestants a position which would enable them to compete unfairly with Frenchmen.

GERMANY.

HUMBOLDT PERSECUTED BY A BOSWELL.

M. von Humboldt, it seems, is pestered by a Boswell. A Berlin letter to the Boston *Journal* says: "A German *litterateur*, of much dull learning and duller industry, has taken upon himself to be Humboldt's biographer without having any special qualifications for the task. He has attached himself, burr-like, to Humboldt, and will not be shaken off. Every word from the old man's lips, every letter he writes, is eagerly caught up, and chronicled or filed away by the German Boswell."

A LADY FINED FOR WEARING TOO LARGE HOOPS.

The *Indépendence Belge* states that a young lady, living in Hanover, has been sentenced by a court of that town to pay a fine of two francs "for having worn a dress which, occupying the whole breadth of the pavement, is an obstruction to the public way."

INDIA.

OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The campaign commenced on the 18th October. The rebels had been dislodged from many strongholds. Several engagements are reported, each resulting in victory on the British side, and heavy losses to the enemy. On the 30th the rebels were defeated near Mood Poor; on the 31st the Fort of Berwha was taken by storm; and on the same day the strong fort of Berra was captured; on the 23d a detachment was assailed by a thousand rebels, but they were repulsed, with the loss of men and guns; on the 27th the fort of Rohes was taken; and on the 29th Benes Madho, with 20,000 men, was captured, with loss.

Tantia Topee was a fugitive, his forces having been routed, with the loss of all their guns and six hundred killed.

The number of rebels was still very large, at the lowest estimate 50,000, but they are scattered about in small bodies.

The proclamation in which the British Crown assumes entire command over India, and promises an amnesty on certain conditions, was read throughout India on the 1st of November, and is said to have given great satisfaction to all parties.

Tantia Topee had applied to know on what terms he could surrender.

TURKEY.

THE SULTAN ON BOARD THE "WABASH."

A letter from the United States frigate *Wabash* says that, shortly after their arrival at Constantinople, "it was intimated to us that the Sultan himself was coming to visit us. In order to make us appreciate the distinguished honor of which we were to be the happy recipients, we were told that the only occasion on which the Sultan of Turkey ever condescended to visit a man-of-war was many years ago, when a Turkish line-of-battle-ship, commanded by his own brother, entered the port. A second invitation was tendered the Sultan by her captain, but, as it afterward appeared, with the intention of blowing her up when he arrived on board. An accidental circumstance having detained the Sultan—who expected no foul play—on shore, the design to make away with his life was frustrated, but the disastrous destruction of the splendid ship and her crew of 500 souls was accomplished. It need not, therefore, be wondered at that the Sultan entertains a strong prejudice against boarding men-of-war; and the fact that the first breach of this time-honored practice of abstaining from participation in all naval ceremonies, was made in favor of Americans, shows that we can inspire confidence, where nations much older and more experienced in the mysteries of diplomacy are looked upon with suspicion. While our illustrious guest was on board, two vessels, one entering and the other leaving harbor, ran foul of us, and I certainly imagined, by the dismay perceptible on the Sultan's face during the confusion incident to the mishap, that his memory was busy with the conspiracy above referred to, and that it was altogether probable he would not board even a Yankee frigate in haste again. Our officers endeavored to induce him to step down in the ward-room until the vessels would be extricated; but he strenuously refused, and said he would rather remain on deck. His aide, feeling an itching of curiosity, undertook to examine the musket belonging to one of the marines. In letting down the hammer his thumb was not strong enough to ease it gradually, and a smart snap was the consequence; but if the magazine had exploded the poor fellow could not have been more frightened. Every vestige of color left his face, and it was some time before his nerves became settled."

AFRICA.

WHAT OUR SQUADRON IS ABOUT.

A letter to the *Herald* from the United States frigate *Cumberland*, now on the coast of Africa, contains the following: "We have now been fifteen months on the African station, of which precisely twenty-two days have been passed on the usual cruising ground for slavers—thirteen of which twenty-two days we were at anchor—and with the exception of the boarding and overhauling of the *Cortez*, of which daring exploit you received some account last October, no slavers or any other vessels have been boarded by us, nor are likely to be, from present appearances.

"In consequence of the injured health of the ship's company, consequent upon that affair and a boat expedition two miles up the Congo River, it was deemed necessary by the commander-in-chief that the ship should remain three months at Madeira, in order to recruit the health and spirits of the officers and crew after such unprecedented fatigues and hardships—two weeks being the period usually allotted to the other vessels of the squadron. The remainder of the time has been passed at Cape Verde, and now—after an absence of eleven months from it—we are again on the coast of Africa.

"I merely give you this short account to convince your readers how much has been said, and how little actually done, toward contributing any thing to the suppression of the slave-trade. Our squadron on the west coast of Africa has never dreamed of such a thing."

CHRISTMAS EVE.

I.

'TIS the eve before Christmas—come, gather to-night;
The Yule-log dispenses its welcoming light;
The tall, snowy candles are all in a blaze,
And the old hall is ringing with good Christmas lays!

II.

Come one and come all, then, unite in the cheer;
Leave far, far behind the dark burden of care:
Come, bind the green boughs round the wide, glowing hearth,
And join in the revel, the music, and mirth.

III.

The old will be here with their temples of gray,
And the young who have lived in this world but a day;
What with chatting and feasting and merry old song,
The night will pass gayly and swiftly along.

IV.

What reck we of Winter? The tempests may roar,
And the snow-drifts fill up every window and door;
The storm may rave on, but we heed not its din,
Though Winter without, it is Summer within.

V.

Fair fingers are decking with Holly and Bay
The old village fane for the Festival day;
With Myrtle and Mistletoe, wreathing in green
The pulpit and chancel, the altar and screen.

VI.

Come all, then, to-night—'tis a season for mirth:
To-morrow we hail the Redeemer's glad birth;
When the Magi of old found the long-sought-for boy,
"They rejoiced," it is said, "with exceeding great joy!"

C. C. Cox.

THE SISTERS.

IT was on one of those warm, bright, still summer mornings that always seem to me to belong to the Sabbath, that I, accompanied by my sister and her husband, for the first time entered the parish church of the pretty village of Beconsfield. The appointments of the interior pleased me, and I took my seat with a calm, home-like feeling. I was much charmed with the singing as the service proceeded; and the preacher was an earnest, eloquent man.

I am not conscious of having been inattentive to the duties of the morning, but the eyes will wander sometimes. Our pew was on the left side of the centre division; and in one on the other side of the aisle were two ladies whom, from the exceeding plainness of their dress, I set down in my own mind as sectarians. The ladies appeared young—that is, relatively—about three or four and twenty. The youngest was marked, but not at all disfigured, by the small-pox; and, by the continued closed eyelids, evidently blind. She was fair, and had a pleasing expression of countenance, frequently improved by the feeling which flitted across her face. I was much interested in her. But her sister, as I presumed her to be, I could not understand, and yet her face was one of those which instantly captivate—a fair, oval, almost faultless face, with dark eyes, and plainly-braided brown hair. The imperturbability, however, with which she listened to the music and the sermon surprised me. Once or twice a color rose to her transparent cheek, but it could not have been caused by either the singing or the eloquence, for it happened at times when there was apparently nothing to excite.

My visit was to extend only to a fortnight; three days had already elapsed; and as my sister was particularly engaged on the next day, I went out for a stroll by myself, or at least only accompanied by my nephew, Master Frederick Rawlins, a fine little fellow of four or five. I had wandered through green lanes and over grassy meadows until I began to feel rather tired, and was looking at inviting stumps of trees and green hillocks, when we suddenly came into a by-lane, in which about a dozen cottages were clustered. Although I knew we must be near home, I looked first at one house and then at another, purposing to ask for a moment's rest and a glass of water, for the day was very warm.

But one door was closed; at another, a mother was scolding some children; at another, two or three boys, together with an aged man seated in a wicker-chair, were busily talking, and as busily plaiting some colored straw—every body plaited about that village—and so I passed on until I came to the last, and here I stood still. At the open door of the little abode the blind young lady of the church was seated, a plain muslin cap over her fair hair, and in a dark cotton dress, rapidly plaiting some fine white straw. I was almost glad that her infirmity prevented her seeing my embarrassment; but perceiving that her quick ear had caught the sound of strange footsteps, I said aloud to my little nephew, "Perhaps, Freddy, this lady would be kind enough to let us rest for a few minutes."

"Lady!" repeated Frederick; "why, it is Miss Rebecca."

"Ah! Master Rawlins, I am glad to see you; how is mamma?" she asked, rising quickly, and taking his little hand.

"Mrs. Rawlins," I said, in as gentle a voice as possible, "is quite recovering from her little illness, and was in church yesterday."

"How glad I am to hear it! You will pardon me, but are you not a relative of Mrs. Rawlins?"

"Her sister."

"I thought so; your voices are so much alike."

During this colloquy Freddy and I having seated ourselves, I looked with a slight bow at the imperturbable elder sister, who, similarly attired, was sitting at a small table at needle-work. I asked her to oblige me with a glass of water; she colored, and, I thought, looked confused; but before she could have complied the blind sister approached, and, by her fingers and gesture, explained my request. She rose instantly, and my heart sunk within me as, with a sweet smile and a really elegant inclination of the head, she presented the water. Could *she be deaf?* The tears started to my eyes, and my hand trembled as I took the glass. What a fatality! As I looked upon the sweet face, that now seemed to me strangely intellectual, my fatigue was gone. I drank the water, and, rising, pressed the deaf lady's hand, thanked her for the moment's rest; and then, turning to the younger sister, took one of her hands in both mine, and said, in rather a tremulous voice, that I should trouble her soon again with a visit, as her house was so pleasantly situated; and then, taking the hand of my little nephew, who was singularly silent, wended my way thoughtfully to my sister's house.

It was a day or two before I had an opportunity of questioning my sister about those afflicted sisters.

"Ah!" she said, "it is a sad story. Their father was a highly respectable solicitor, and Dr. Rawlins's father attended the family as their physician. Poor Rebecca—that is, the younger Miss Glenfield—had the small-pox when she was about twelve years of age, and the poor mother, in attending upon her, took it also. Mrs. Glenfield died; Rebecca recovered, but was blind. Mr. Glenfield, it seems, took it sadly to heart; he had loved his wife, and cared little to look upon his blind daughter. He took to speculation, and of course neglected his business. Then he was seized with the typhus fever; and poor Amelia—that is, the elder Miss Glenfield—in attending upon her father, was attacked in her turn. The father, in *this* case, died, and Miss Glenfield recovered, but to incurable deafness and absolute poverty; for when the claims upon Mr. Glenfield's estate were satisfied the helpless girls had scarcely a shilling left."

"But had they no friends?"

"They had some relatives; and, I believe, at first were kindly treated. They have still some little annuity, and their seat in church; but I suppose nobody cared to take charge of them."

"And so these poor girls were left to God and their own endeavors. Has Dr. Rawlins given any attention to their case?"

"Oh yes; he has done a good deal for Miss Glenfield, so far as health is concerned; but the deafness he considers incurable; and as to poor Rebecca, there is no hope." And thus the conversation ended.

During the remainder of my stay at Beconsfield my visits to the sisters were neither few nor far between, scarcely a day passing on which I did not call at the little cottage in the evening, for we soon became very familiar. It was really gratifying to observe the bright smile that would lighten Rebecca's face, and the sweet intelligent welcome of Miss Glenfield's eyes, that accorded so naturally with the few words she spoke, as my foot crossed the threshold.

On the afternoon previous to my leaving Beconsfield, I of course went to bid adieu; but this was not my only motive. Rebecca's cheek turned pale as I took her hand, and the tears started to Miss Glenfield's eyes as she tried to smile a welcome. This was to be my last visit, and the solitary creatures had become used to my society. This time I could not stay long; so, after a little conversation about our parting, and the hope I had of our again meeting, I drew Amelia a little aside, and asked her whether she thought her sister would feel much disappointed if a doctor pronounced her deafness incurable.

"It has been already pronounced incurable," replied Rebecca, quickly; "Dr. Rawlins said he could do nothing more. In fact, Miss Hill, we have dismissed every idea of the sort; yet, if she could recover her hearing even to a slight degree, what a comfort it would be, for you can't think how lonely I am, and so, of course, is she, poor thing: but then she can see."

This was a new revelation, for it had never occurred to me that Amelia's deafness was a deprivation to any but the deprived; but so it must have been, for she scarcely ever spoke except for some general or necessary purpose. During this colloquy, as I saw that Amelia was looking at us inquisitively, I requested her sister to explain my question.

"You are very kind, Miss Hill," observed Amelia, and a faint color rose to the poor girl's cheek; "but it would be folly in us to think of impossibilities: we must dree our weird."

Notwithstanding this, after my return home, I could hardly sit down till I had paid a visit to a well-known aurist, Mr. Morton of Brook Street. He was a plain-spoken, plain-looking man, rather above the middle height, and with singularly intelligent and expressive dark eyes.

He listened patiently and attentively to my statement; and in reply to the question, as to whether there was any hope:

"It is impossible to say, ma'am," he replied slowly, and as if deliberating, "without seeing the lady. Twenty-three years of age, and has lost her hearing through fever, about four or five years ago: it is a pity I had not been consulted earlier."

"I knew nothing of the case," I replied. "I have only become acquainted with the young lady these last two weeks; and besides, my brother-in-law, Dr. Rawlins, attended her."

"Dr. Rawlins of Beconsfield—a very clever man. But you see, Miss Rawlins, I have devoted myself exclusively to the ear—that is, to the organ of hearing; and a very interesting subject it is. I assure you, Miss Rawlins, that very many patients who have been submitted to me as incurably deaf have had in reality no organic defect or disease at all."

As he seemed about starting a hobby, I at once resolutely asked whether Miss Glenfield could see him.

"Miss Glenfield! She does not belong to the Glenfields of Beconsfield?"

"She is the late Mr. Glenfield's eldest daughter."

"Well, that is strange. Why, my brother served his articles to Mr. Glenfield: you see, he was a delicate youth, so it was thought the country would be best."

"But Mr. Glenfield is dead, and the two poor girls are left in comparative poverty."

"Dead! Ah! I remember the fever. But the other daughter—she is not deaf?"

"She is not deaf; but, by a strange fatality, she is blind."

"Blind! Poor things, poor things! Well, bring the young lady any morning you choose—that is, before twelve."

"But, Sir," I replied, "Miss Glenfield resides at Beconsfield, so it will be necessary to appoint some particular morning, when we shall be happy to attend you."

"At Beconsfield! Why, I am going to Beconsfield to-morrow. Mrs. Smith of Oaks Lodge has sent for me; she is subject to deafness at her confinements. Hers is only physical weakness. But as I am called in professionally, of course I attend; and perhaps, after all, it is as well. I think your brother attends the family."

"Very likely, Sir. But what about Miss Glenfield?"

"Do you give me her address. I shall have to attend Mrs. Smith for two or three weeks: it will be no trouble to me, you see; and during that time I shall be able to ascertain whether I can do any thing for your friend."

While he was speaking I had drawn out my card-case and pencil, and on the back of one of my own cards had written, "Miss Glenfield, Woods Cottage, Woods Lane;" and when he had finished speaking, presented the card and a guinea—the usual fee, I believe, of a morning visitor. He took the fee and the card, and after glancing at them placed both in the pocket of his waistcoat, and then rising as I left my chair he said: "I'll take this fee, Miss Rawlins"—(Miss Rawlins! when he had just read, as plain as the engraver could write, Miss Hill!)—"I receive this fee in testimony that I have undertaken the case; but I take no more. Whatever attendance or medicine Miss Glenfield may require, I will see to myself, and, rest assured, I will spare no pains. Good-morning, Miss Rawlins;" and bowing me out, he closed the street-door.

That very morning I wrote to my sister, requesting her to apprise Miss Glenfield of the aurist's purposed visit, and, if possible, to be at Woods Cottage herself the next afternoon; and also to inform me of the result of the interview. In compliance with my request, Caroline wrote that he had come, according to promise; that he had given no decided opinion; that Miss Glenfield had borne the visit remarkably well, but that poor Rebecca had been much agitated.

Well, time passed on, Mr. Morton answering somewhat dubiously my occasional inquiries, till I received a letter from my sister, which rather surprised me. It ran thus: "DEAR LOUISA,—I wish you could ascertain positively whether Mr. Morton is married or not. I have asked Frederick—to be sure, only, as it were, casually; and he thinks he is unmarried. But I want to know positively. He comes very frequently to the cottage—more frequently than I am sure a case like hers can require. It is a sad thing to be deaf; but it would be a much sadder thing to have her heart blighted—though, perhaps, it is already too late. If Mr. Morton is married, he sees Amelia no more, except at my house."

I was thunder-struck, and yet not a little amused at the idea of a young girl having her heart blighted by an eccentric surgeon more than twice her age. I determined, however, to run down at once to Beconsfield—run down as I had promised—and see the aurist and Amelia myself. But it so happened that on the next day, when I went to the station, I discovered I had made a mistake: it was the arriving train I was in time for, the other would not depart for two hours. As I stood on the platform, vexed at my stupidity, and hardly knowing whether to wait or return home, I was accosted by a gentleman, whom, if I had not been addressed as "Miss Rawlins," I should never have recognized as Mr. Morton. He looked ten years younger than when I first saw him; his dress, too, was improved, and altogether he seemed to me a happy, and quite a handsome man.

"Just come from Beconsfield, Miss Rawlins?" said he, taking my hand, and pressing it warmly. "I wonder I did not see you before, but I suppose you must have been in another carriage. All well at home?"

"Quite well, Sir, thank you," answered I, rather distantly. "But how is Miss Glenfield?"

"Very well indeed—getting on nicely. But I see I am detaining you from your friends," as a group of strangers approached to where I was standing; and again pressing my hand, he bowed, and hurried away. I was vexed; but as I had seen the doctor, what use was there in my waiting two hours to go down to Beconsfield?

In the evening, as we were sitting at tea at home, I introduced the subject of Miss Glenfield's possible cure; and after alluding to Mr. Morton's skill, asked boldly whether he was married.

"Married!" repeated my mother, looking up in surprise. "No, Louisa, no. He is one of those old bachelors who would grudge himself a wife. Why, Anne lived there as housemaid, and she says he keeps the servants on board-wages, and almost starves himself."

"I don't know," said I, vexed to hear the Doctor depreciated, "what business Anne has to talk of those who employ her. He seems to me a kind and benevolent man."

"He may be so, Louisa, in his profession," remarked my father, looking up from his evening paper; "but depend upon it, he is not generally benevolent. Why, I once applied to him myself about the poor Poles, and he refused to subscribe one shilling: he never gave to public charities, he said—nor to private ones either, in my opinion."

All this was nearly conclusive, but I resolved to hazard another inquiry. The next morning I went to a milliner, a friend of ours, who resided in the vicinity of Regent Street. After admiring her elegant novelties, and attending to a little affair of my own, I spoke of my young friend and Mr. Morton, and then smilingly asked whether she worked for *Mrs.* Morton?

"I work for Mrs. Morton and her family too," replied my friend; "but not the lady of the aurist, but of his brother, a respectable solicitor. In fact, the Mr. Morton you mean has no wife, and if he had, I am afraid the poor lady would scarcely employ me"—she went on smiling and shrugging her shoulders—"for Mrs. Morton tells me he is terribly stingy."

As this confirmed what I had previously heard I felt satisfied, but, before replying to my sister, resolved to call on Mr. Morton myself.

He was at home, and evidently very glad to see me; but when I said that my sister, Mrs. Rawlins, was very anxious to know *when* he could pronounce a decided opinion as regarded Miss Glenfield, I remarked that he colored, and seemed rather embarrassed. He paused a moment.

"To tell you the truth, Miss Rawlins," said he, hurriedly, "I should like to finish the cure at home." He hesitated. I looked at him, but knew not what to reply. I suppose I must have appeared much delighted, for there was no mistaking his meaning. His own countenance brightened, and he went on, with little circumlocution, to say, that he had conceived a great regard for Miss Glenfield; that he was sure she was the only woman who could make him happy; and that he was very desirous of making her his wife.

I could scarcely restrain my feelings at the idea of poor dear Amelia's good fortune. However, I managed quietly to congratulate him on his choice, to speak in the highest terms of Miss Glenfield's ladylike demeanor, and her amiability and affectionate disposition. "But then," I added, "you know she is poor and friendless, and has a dependent sister."

"As to her sister," replied the aurist, "I like Rebecca almost as well as—as Miss Glenfield; and as to their being friendless, between you and me, Miss Rawlins, I don't think that much of a loss: I shouldn't like to be troubled with a wife's tribe of relations." Again the word *wife!* but I preserved a calm countenance; and as he hesitated anew, I ventured to ask when the wedding was to take place, "for I suppose," I added, "Miss Glenfield and you have already settled it."

"Why, no, Miss Rawlins; indeed, Amelia has not settled any thing; but I don't think she would object. I wanted to have spoken to you or Mrs. Rawlins: I think Mrs. Rawlins must be ill, for I have not seen her for some time; and indeed, I did go to Mrs. Morton, my brother's wife, and requested her to visit Amelia, telling her that she was a daughter of the gentleman my brother had served his articles to. And what do you think she said—that she had no idea of visiting a mere adventuress! That woman shall never cross my threshold again. Miss Glenfield is a gentlewoman, and could not have used such language. Could not you and Mrs. Rawlins manage the affair? I will write to Amelia this afternoon, to prepare her, as to the time, although the essential part I consider settled already; and pray, Miss Rawlins, let the matter be arranged as soon as possible, so that I may be able to attend to business as usual. There will be some little matters of dress required," he went on: "there are two fifty-pound notes for Amelia; if she wants more, you will be so good as to write. Of course, when she is in her own house she will have every thing at her own disposal. And there is another fifty for Rebecca; she will be an essential companion for her sister when I am from home."

I took the notes in a perfect bewilderment. There was I, a young maiden of twenty or so, preparing for my own bridal, which was to take place in a fortnight, quietly arranging with a stranger the preliminaries for the wedding of another.

"But I forgot to tell you, Miss Rawlins," resumed Mr. Morton, "that I am going this evening to Mr. Glenfield, the proctor, Amelia's uncle. He has shamefully neglected her; but as he *is* her uncle, and is a respectable man, I will ask his consent to the marriage, and invite him to attend, if it was only to vex my brother's wife."

I walked home in a dream. Why do romancers puzzle their brains to bring about their consummations by means of extraordinary events and coincidences? Could any thing be simpler than the present concatenation, any thing wilder than the result? These two poor, lonely, helpless girls, whom I had left sitting by their cottage-door, working for bread—the one in utter darkness, the other surrounded by a dread silence which thunder itself could not break—behold them now coming forth from their solitude into comfort, competence, and society; the blind clothed in smiles of happiness, and feeling no want of eyes as she leans on her sister's arm, and the deaf with love in her full heart, and the music of all nature in her ears! It was delightful to think that I had myself a part in bringing about this consummation; and yet, as I walked, my eyes filled, and in spite of all my efforts, the tears came rolling down my cheeks.

Soon after, my own marriage took place, and I removed to another part of the country. In due time—that is to say, in less than a month—I received a letter from my mother, giving me all the news. My mother stated that she had bestowed as much attention, and felt almost as much interest in Miss Glenfield's bridal as she could have done in that of one of her own daughters. She added, she was not at all surprised at the interest I had evinced in Mr. Morton's choice; "and I really begin to be of your opinion, Louisa, as to his kindly disposition; and as for his being parsimonious—so far as I have seen—it is rather *Mrs.* Morton, who will limit the expenditure of the family. I wish you had seen Miss Glenfield in her bridal-dress—she looked so beautiful, so calm, so ladylike. Poor Rebecca scarcely knew what to do; but I had her by my side, and she wept her tears on my bosom. Poor girl! she whispered to me that she thought it was the first time she had ever really regretted her loss of sight, she should so like to see her sister."

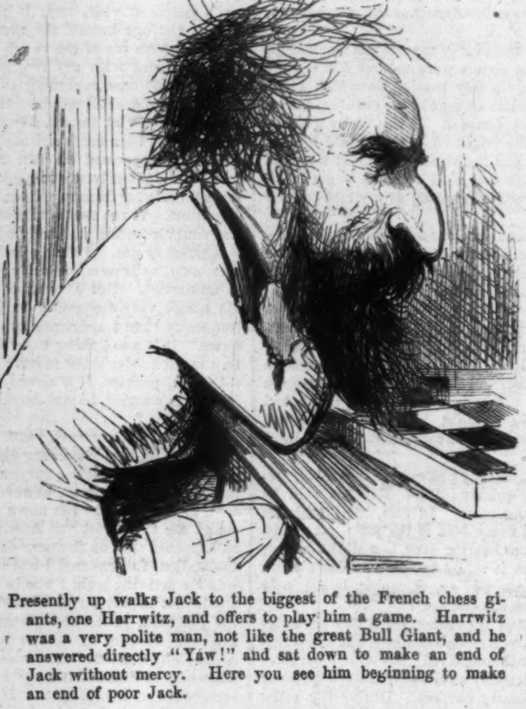
THE AMERICAN JACK THE GIANT-KILLER AND THE EUROPEAN GIANTS.

There was once upon a time a little American boy whose name was Jack, or Paul, as some people pretend. This little boy was a very good chess-player; and when he had beaten all the chess-players of his own country, he crossed the sea with his little chess-board, and sent up his card to the great Bull Giant of England, Staunton, and asked him, "Would he be so kind as to play with him?" The Bull Giant, Staunton, was greatly shocked, as you see in the picture, at this impertinence of Master Jack, and went on reading his paper without minding him in the least.

But the great Bull Giant was not the only Giant in England. Other giants stepped up and said they would play with little Jack, and he beat them all. The noise of his victories ran through all the land; the papers were full of them; and the great Bull Giant couldn't open a paper without finding some account of little Jack and his great battles with the chess giants. So now he was much more shocked than before. You see what a pitiful face he has!

What vexed the great Bull Giant the most was the thought that he would be forced to play with Jack at last, and that Jack would perhaps beat him. So, to prevent this, the Bull Giant set to work, might and main, to read Shakspeare. You may perhaps think that this was queer work for a chess giant, and so do I. But the Bull Giant went at it, for all that; and when Jack came back and asked him again, "Would he play a game with him?" he answered, angrily, "that he couldn't think of such a thing; didn't Jack see how busy he was with his Shakspeare?" Here you see him very busy indeed, and I hope it does him good.

Then Jack, finding that the Bull Giant would not play, went away into France to fight the chess giants there. The French giants are mostly large men, with big eyes, and big beards, and big stomachs; and when they saw little Jack, with his little chess-board, and his quiet, modest way, they were taken aback, and could not even keep their pipes alight for staring at him. You see them here taking a look at little Jack, and not knowing what to make of him.



Presently up walks Jack to the biggest of the French chess giants, one Harrwitz, and offers to play him a game. Harrwitz was a very polite man, not like the great Bull Giant, and he answered directly "Yaw!" and sat down to make an end of Jack without mercy. Here you see him beginning to make an end of poor Jack.

But after they had played two or three games, which little Jack won, Giant Harrwitz changed his mind a good deal, and, in fact, suddenly fell very sick. He had a very bad disease, which is a terrible thing for giants—a sinking of the heart, and a weakness in the back-bone; and so of course he couldn't play any more. Here you see the poor Giant Harrwitz suffering terribly from this cruel disease, brought on by his games with little Jack.

By this time every body in France had heard of little Jack, and all the great people asked him to their houses, and the ladies crowded round him and talked to him, and they do say the pretty ones kissed him in dark corners (but this, for my part, I hardly believe); which did not please the French giants at all. But the ladies went on petting little Jack, as you see in the picture, and Jack, they say, went on bearing it in his old, bold way.

The giants, as you may fancy, were mightily vexed at having been beaten by little Jack, and they held a council together to see what could be done. They smoked a great many pipes, and they drank enough beer to float a big ship; but I believe they didn't succeed in finding out any plan to entrap little Jack. You see them here plotting, in a rather smoky and beery way, to circumvent brave little Jack.

So little Jack, having beaten all the giants, and finding no one to play with him, tied a handkerchief over his eyes and offered to play any body and every body blindfold. But the giants have had enough of him; some of them are sick, others are drinking beer and smoking, others are so busy reading Shakspeare that they haven't time to play with him. So ends the story of little Jack the American Giant-killer.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sophy's claim examined and canvassed.

"I take this moment," said Darrell, when left alone with Waife—(ah, reader, let *us* keep to that familiar name to the last!)—"I take this moment," said Darrell, "the first moment in which you can feel thoroughly assured that no prejudice against yourself clouds my judgment in reference to her whom you believe to be your grandchild, to commence—and, I trust, to conclude forever—the subject which twice brought you within these walls. On the night of your recent arrival here you gave me this copy of a French woman's declaration, to the effect that two infants had been placed out with her to nurse; that one of them was my poor daughter's infant, who was about to be taken away from her; that the other was confided to her by its parent, a French lady, whom she speaks of as a very liberal and distinguished person, but whose name is not stated in the paper."

Waife. "The confession describes that lady as an *artiste*; 'distinguished *artiste*' is the expression—viz., a professional person—a painter—an actress—a singer—or—".

Darrell (*dryly*). "An opera-dancer! I understand the French word perfectly. And I presume the name is not mentioned in the document from motives of delicacy; the child of a distinguished French *artiste* is not necessarily born in wedlock. But this lady was very grateful to the nurse for the care shown to her infant, who was very sickly; and promised to take the nurse, and the nurse's husband also, into her service. The nurse states that she herself was very poor; that the lady's offer appeared to her like a permanent provision; that the life of this *artiste's* infant was of the utmost value to her—the life of my poor daughter's child of comparative insignificance. But the infant of the *artiste* died, and the nurse's husband put it into his wife's head to tell your son (then a widower, and who had seen so little of his child as to be easily deceived) that it was his infant who died. The nurse shortly afterward removed to Paris, taking with her to the *artiste's* house the child who in reality was my daughter's."

"It seems very probable, does it not—does it not?" said the ex-comedian, eagerly.

"It seems to me," replied the ex-lawyer, "very probable that a witness entering into court with the confession of one villainous falsehood would have little scruple to tell another. But I proceed. This rich and liberal *artiste* dies; the nurse's conscience then suddenly awakens—she sees Mr. Hammond—she informs him of the fraud she has practiced. A lady of rank, who had known Matilda, and had seen both the infants when both were living under the nurse's charge, and observed them more attentively than your son had done—corroborates the woman's story, stating that the *artiste's* child had dark eyes instead of blue; that the *artiste* herself was never deceived; but, having taken a great fancy to the spurious infant, was willing to receive and cherish it as her own; and that she knows several persons who will depose that they heard the *artiste* say that the child was not her own. On this evidence your son takes to himself this child—and this child is your Sophy—and you wish me to acknowledge her as my daughter's offspring. Do not look me so earnestly in the face, my dear and respected guest! It was when you read in my face what my lips shrunk from uttering that your emotions overcame your strength, and your very mind deserted you. Now, be firmer. Your Sophy has no need of me—she is under your charge, and your name is cleared. She has found a friend—a protectress—in her own sex. Lady Montfort's rank gives to her a position in the world as high as I could offer; and as to mere pecuniary provision for her, make your mind easy—it shall be secured. But bear with me when I add, resolutely and calmly, that this nurse's attestation is to me a grosser and poorer attempt at imposture than I had anticipated; and I am amazed that a man of your abilities should have been contented to accept it."

"Oh, Mr. Darrell, don't say so! It was such a blessing to think, when my son was lost to me, that I might fill up the void in my heart with an innocent, loving child. Don't talk of my abilities. If you, whose abilities none can question—if you had longed and yearned for such a comforter—if you had wished—if you wished now this tale to be true, you would have believed it too; you would believe it now—you would, indeed. Two men look so differently at the same story—one deeply interested that it should be true—one determined, if possible, to find it false. Is it not so?"

Darrell smiled slightly, but could not be induced to assent even to so general a proposition. He felt as if he were pitted against a counsel who would take advantage of every concession.

Waife continued. "And whatever seems most improbable in this confession is rendered probable at once—if—if—we may assume that my unhappy son, tempted by the desire to—to—"

"Spare yourself—I understand—if your son wished to obtain his wife's fortune, and therefore connived at the exchange of the infants, and was therefore, too, enabled always to corroborate the story of the exchange, whenever it suited him to reclaim the infant. I grant this—and I grant that the conjecture is sufficiently plausible to justify you in attaching to it much weight. We will allow that it was his interest at one time to represent his child, though living, as no more; but you must allow also that he would have deemed it his interest, later, to fasten upon me, as my daughter's, a child to whom she never gave birth. Here we entangle ourselves in a controversy without data, without facts. Let us close it. Believe what you please. Why should I shake convictions that render you happy? Be equally forbearing with me. I do full justice to your Sophy's charming qualities. In herself, the proudest parent might rejoice to own her; but I can not acknowledge her to be the daughter of Matilda Darrell. And the story that assured you she was your grandchild, still more convinces me that she is not mine!"

"But be not thus inflexible, I implore you—you can be so kind, so gentle—she would be such a blessing to you! later—perhaps—when I am dead. I am pleading for your sake—I owe you so much! I should repay you, if I could but induce you to inquire—and if inquiry should prove that I am right."

"I have inquired sufficiently."

"Then I'll go and find out the Nurse. I'll question her. I'll—"

"Hold. Be persuaded! Hug your belief! Inquire no farther!"

"Why—why?"

Darrell was mute.

Waife passed and repassed his hand over his brow, and then cried, suddenly, "But if I could prove her not to be my grandchild, then she might be happy!—then—then—ah, Sir, young Haughton tells me that if she were but the daughter of honest parents—no child of Jasper's, no grandchild of mine—then you might not be too proud to bless her at least as his bride! And, Sir, the poor child loves the young man. How could she help it? And, at her age, life without hope is either very short, or very, very long! Let me inquire! I should be happy even to know that she was not my grandchild. I should not love her less; and then she would have others to love her when I am gone to Lizzy!"

Darrell was deeply moved. To him there was something in this old man—ever forgetting himself, ever so hurried on by his heart—something, I say, in this old man, before which Darrell felt his intellect subdued, and his pride silenced and abashed.

"Yes, Sir," said Waife, musingly, "so let it be. I am well now. I will go to France to-morrow."

Darrell nerved his courage. He had wished to spare Waife the pain which his own persuasions caused to himself. Better now to be frank. He laid his hand on Waife's shoulder, and, looking him in the face, said, solemnly, "I entreat you not! Do you suppose that I would not resume inquiry in person, nor pause till the truth were made amply clear, if I had not strong reason to prefer doubt to certainty?"

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"There is a woman whose career is, I believe, at this moment revived into fresh notoriety as the heroine of some drama on the stage of Paris—a woman who, when years paled her fame and reft her spoils, as a courtesan renowned for the fools she had beggared, for the young hearts she had corrupted, sought plunder still by crimes, to which law is less lenient. Charged with swindling, with fraud, with forgery, and at last more than suspected as a practiced poisoner, she escaped by suicide the judgment of human tribunals."

"I know of whom you speak—that dreadful Gabrielle Desmarets, but for whom my sacrifice to Jasper's future might not have been in vain! It was to save Sophy from the chance of Jasper's ever placing her within reach of that woman's example that I took her away."

"Is it not, then, better to forbear asking who were your Sophy's parents, than to learn from inquiry that she is indeed your grandchild, and that her mother was Gabrielle Desmarets?"

Waife uttered a cry like a shriek, and then sate voiceless and aghast. At last he exclaimed, "I am certain it is not so! Did you ever see that woman?"

"Never that I know of; but George tells me that he heard your son state to you that she had made acquaintance with me under another name, and if there was a design to employ her in confirmation of his tale—if he was then speaking truth to you, doubtless this was the lady of rank referred to in the Nurse's confession—doubtless this was the woman once palmed upon me as Matilda's *confidante*. In that case I have seen her. What, then?"

"Mother was not written on her face! She could never have been a mother. Oh, you may smile, Sir; but all my life I have been a reader of the human face; and there is in the aspects of some women the barrenness as of stone—no mother's throb in their bosom—no mother's kiss on their lips."

"I am a poor reader of women's faces," said Darrell; "but she must be very unlike women in general, who allows you to know her a bit better if you stood reading her face till doomsday. Besides, at the time you saw Gabrielle Desmarets her mode of life had perhaps given to her an aspect not originally in her countenance. And I can only answer your poetic conceit by a poetic illustration—Niobe turned to stone; but she had a great many daughters before she petrified. Pardon me, if I would turn off by a jest a thought that I see would shock you, as myself, if gravely encouraged. Encourage it not. Let us suppose it only a chance that inquiry might confirm this conjecture; but let us shun that chance. Meanwhile, if inquiry is to be made, one more likely than either of us to get at the truth has promised to make it, and sooner or later we may learn from her the results—I mean that ill-fated Arabella Fosset, whom you knew as Crane."

Waife was silent; but he kept turning in his hand, almost disconsolately, the document which assoiled him from the felon's taint, and said at length, as Darrell was about to leave, "And this thing is of no use to *her*, then?"

Darrell came back to the old man's chair, and said, softly, "Friend, do not fancy that the young have only one path to happiness. You grieve that I can not consent to Lionel's marriage with your Sophy. Dismiss from your mind the desire for the Impossible. Gently wean from hers what is but a girl's first fancy."

"It is a girl's first love."

"And if it be," said Darrell, calmly, "no complaint more sure to yield to change of air. I have known a girl as affectionate, as pure, as full of all womanly virtues, as your Sophy (and I can give her no higher praise)—loved more deeply than Lionel *can* love; professing, doubtless at the time believing, that she also loved for life; betrothed too; faith solemnized by promise; yet in less than a year she was another's wife. Change of air, change of heart! I do not underrate the effect which a young man, so winning as Lionel, would naturally produce on the fancy or the feelings of a girl who as yet, too, has seen no others; but impressions in youth are characters in the sand. Grave them ever so deeply, the tide rolls over them; and when the ebb shows the surface again the characters are gone, for the sands are shifted. Courage! Lady Montfort will present to her others with forms as fair as Lionel's and as elegantly dressed. With so much in her own favor, there are young patricians enough who will care not a rush what her birth—young lords—Lady Montfort knows well how fascinating young lords can be! Courage—before a year is out, you will find new characters written on the sand."

"You don't know Sophy, Sir," said Waife, simply; "and I see you are resolved not to know her. But you say Arabella Crane is to inquire; and should the inquiry prove that she is no child of Gabrielle Desmarets—that she is either your own grandchild or not mine—that—"

"Let me interrupt you. If there be a thing in the world that is cruel and treacherous, it is a false hope! Crush out of every longing thought the belief that this poor girl can prove to be one whom, with my consent, my kinsman can woo to be his wife. Lionel Haughton is the sole kinsman left to whom I can bequeath this roof-tree—these acres, hallowed to me because associated with my earliest lessons in honor, and with the dreams which directed my life. He must take with the heritage the name it represents. In his children, that name of Darrell can alone live still in the land. I say to you, that even were my daughter now in existence, she would not succeed me—she would not inherit nor transmit that name. Why?—not because I am incapable of a Christian's forgiveness, but because I am not capable of a gentleman's treason to his ancestors and himself—because Matilda Darrell was false and perfidious—because she was dead to honor, and therefore her birth-right to a heritage of honor was irrevocably forfeited. And since you compel me to speak rudely, while in you I revere a man above the power of law to degrade—while, could we pass a generation, and Sophy were your child by your Lizzy, I should proudly welcome an alliance that made you and me brothers—yet I can not contemplate—it is beyond my power—I can not contemplate the picture of Jasper Losely's daughter, even by my own child, the Mistress in my father's home—the bearer of my father's name. 'Tis in vain to argue. Grant me the slave of a prejudice—grant these ideas to be antiquated bigotry—I am too old to change. I ask from others no sacrifice which I have not borne. And whatever be Lionel's grief at my resolve, grief will be my companion long after he has forgotten that he mourned."

CHAPTER IX.

Poor Sophy!

The next morning Mills, in giving Sophy a letter from Lady Montfort, gave her also one for Waife, and she recognized Lionel Haughton's handwriting on the address. She went straight to Waife's sitting-room, for the old man had now resumed his early habits, and was up and dressed. She placed the letter in his hands without a word, and stood by his side while he opened it, with a certain still firmness in the expression of her face, as if she were making up her mind to some great effort. The letter was ostensibly one of congratulation. Lionel had seen Darrell the day before, after the latter had left the Home Secretary's office, and had learned that all which Justice could do to repair the wrong inflicted had been done. *Here* Lionel's words, though brief, were cordial, and almost joyous; but then came a few sentences steeped in gloom. There was an allusion, vague and delicate in itself, to the eventful conversation with Waife in reference to Sophy—a sombre, solemn farewell conveyed to her and to hope—a passionate prayer for her happiness—and then an abrupt wrench, as it were, away from a subject too intolerably painful to prolong—an intimation that he had succeeded in exchanging into a regiment very shortly to be sent into active service; that he should set out the next day to join that regiment in a distant part of the country; and that he trusted, should his life be spared by war, that it would be many years before he should revisit England. The sense of the letter was the more affecting in what was concealed than in what was expressed. Evidently Lionel desired to convey to Waife, and leave it to him to inform Sophy, that she was henceforth to regard the writer as vanished out of her existence—departed, as irrevocably as depart the Dead.

While Waife was reading he had turned himself aside from Sophy; he had risen—he had gone to the deep recess of the old mullion window, half screening himself beside the curtain. Noiselessly Sophy followed; and when he had closed the letter she laid her hand on his arm, and said, very quietly, "Grandfather, may I read that letter?"

Waife was startled, and replied, on the instant, "No, my dear."

"It is better that I should," said she, with the same quiet firmness; and then, seeing the distress in his face, she added, with her more accustomed sweet docility, yet with a forlorn droop of the head, "But as you please, grandfather."

Waife hesitated an instant. Was she not right?—would it not be better to show the letter? After all, she must confront the fact that Lionel could be nothing to her henceforth; and would not Lionel's own words wound her less than all Waife could say? So he put the letter into her hands, and sate down, watching her countenance.

At the opening sentences of congratulation she looked up inquiringly. Poor man! he had not spoken to her of what at another time it would have been such joy to speak; and he now, in answer to her look, said, almost sadly, "Only about *me*, Sophy; what does that matter?" But before the girl read a line farther she smiled on him, and tenderly kissed his furrowed brow.

"Don't read on, Sophy," said he, quickly. She shook her head and resumed. His eye still upon her face, he marked it changing as the sense of the letter grew upon her, till, as, without a word, with scarce a visible heave of the bosom, she laid the letter on his knees, the change had become so complete that it seemed as if Another stood in her place. In very young and sensitive persons, especially female (though I have seen it even in our hard sex), a great and sudden shock or revulsion of feeling reveals itself thus in the almost preternatural alteration of the countenance. It is not a mere paleness—a skin-deep loss of color; it is as if the whole bloom of youth had rushed away; hollows, never discernible before, appear in the cheek that was so round and smooth; the muscles fall as in mortal illness; a havoc, as of years, seems to have been wrought in a moment; Flame itself does not so suddenly ravage—so suddenly alter—leave behind it so ineffable an air of desolation and ruin. Waife sprang forward and clasped her to his breast.

"You will bear it, Sophy! The worst is over now. Fortitude, my child!—fortitude! The human heart is wonderfully sustained when it is not the conscience that weighs it down—griefs that we think at the moment must kill us wear themselves away. I speak the truth, for I too have suffered!"

"Poor grandfather!" said Sophy, gently; and she said no more. But when he would have continued to speak comfort, or exhort to patience, she pressed his hand tightly, and laid her finger on her lip. He was hushed in an instant.

Presently she began to move about the room, busying herself, as usual, in those slight, scarce perceptible arrangements by which she loved to think that she ministered to the old man's simple comforts. She placed the arm-chair in his favorite nook by the window, and before it the footstool for the poor lame foot; and drew the table near the chair, and looked over the books that George had selected for his perusal from Darrell's library; and chose the volume in which she saw his mark to place nearest to his hand, and tenderly cleared the mist from his reading-glass; and removed one or two withered or ailing snow-drops from the little winter nosegay she had gathered for him the day before—he watching her all the time, silent as herself, not daring, indeed, to speak, lest his heart should overflow.

These little tasks of love over, she came toward him a few paces, and said, "Please, dear grandfather, tell me all about what has happened to yourself which should make us glad—that is, by-and-by; but nothing as to the rest of that letter. I will just think over it by myself; but never let us talk of it, grandy dear, never more—never more."

CHAPTER X.

Trees that, like the poplar, lift upward all their boughs, give no shade and no shelter, whatever their height. Trees the most lovingly shelter and shade us, when, like the willow, the higher soar their summits, the lowlier droop their boughs.

Usually, when Sophy left Waife in the morning, she would wander out into the grounds, and he could see her pass before his window; or she would look into the library, which was almost exclusively given up to the Morleys, and he could hear her tread on the old creaking stairs. But now she had stolen into her own room, which communicated with his sitting-room—a small lobby alone intervening—and there she remained so long that he grew uneasy. He crept softly to her door and listened. He had a fineness of hearing almost equal to his son's; but he could not hear a sob—not a breath. At length he softly opened the door, and looked in with caution.

The girl was seated at the foot of the bed, quite still—her eyes fixed on the ground, and her finger to her lip, just as she had placed it there when imploring silence; so still, it might be even slumber. All who have grieved respect grief. Waife did not like to approach her; but he said, from his stand at the threshold—"The sun is quite bright now, Sophy; go out for a little while, darling."

She did not look round—she did not stir; but she answered with readiness—"Yes, presently."

So he closed the door, and left her. An hour passed away; he looked in again; there she was still—in the same place, in the same attitude.

"Sophy, dear, it is time to take your walk; go—Mrs. Morley is in front, before my window. I have called to her to wait for you."

"Yes—presently," answered Sophy, and she did not move.

Waife was seriously alarmed. He paused a moment—then went back to his room—took his hat and his staff—came back.

"Sophy, I should like to hobble out and breathe the air; it will do me good. Will you give me your arm? I am still very weak."

Sophy now started—shook back her fair curls—rose—put on her bonnet, and in less than a minute was by the old man's side. Drawing his arm fondly into hers, they descend the stairs; they are in the garden; Mrs. Morley comes to meet them—then George. Waife exerts himself to talk—to be gay—to protect Sophy's abstracted silence, by his own active, desultory, erratic humor. Twice or thrice, as he leans on Sophy's arm, she draws it still nearer to her, and presses it tenderly. She understands—she thanks him. Hark! from some undiscovered hiding-place near the water—Fairthorn's flute! The Music fills the landscape as with a living presence; the swans pause upon the still lake—the tame doe steals through yonder leafless trees; and now, musing and slow, from the same desolate coverts, comes the doe's master. The music spells them all. Guy Darrell sees his guests where they have halted by the stone sun-dial. He advances—joins them—congratulates Waife on his first walk as a convalescent. He quotes Gray's well-known verses applicable to that event,* and when, in that voice sweet as the flute itself, he comes to the lines—

"The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise"—

Sophy, as if suddenly struck with remorse at the thought that she, and she alone, was marring that opening paradise to the old man in his escape from the sick room to "the sun, the air, the skies," abruptly raised her looks from the ground, and turned them full upon her guardian's face, with an attempt at gladness in her quivering smile, which, whatever its effect on Waife, went straight to the innermost heart of Guy Darrell. On the instant he recognized, as by intuitive sympathy, the anguish from which that smile struggled forth—knew that Sophy had now learned that grief which lay deep within himself—that grief which makes a sick chamber of the whole external world, and which greets no more, in the common boons of Nature, the opening Paradise of recovered Hope! His eye lingered on her face as its smile waned, and perceived that CHANGE which had so startled Waife. Involuntarily he moved to her side—involuntarily drew her arm within his own—she thus supporting the one who cherished—supported by the one who disowned her. Guy Darrell might be stern in resolves which afflicted others, as he was stern in afflicting himself; but for *others* he had at least compassion.

Poor Waife, with nature so different, marked Darrell's movement, and, ever ready to seize on comfort, said inly—"He relents. I will not go to-morrow, as I had intended. Sophy must win her way; who can resist her?"

Talk languished—the wintry sun began to slope—the air grew keen—Waife was led in—the Morleys went up into his room to keep him company—Sophy escaped back to her own Darrell continued his walk, plunging deep into his maze of beechwoods, followed by the doe. The swans dip their necks among the water-weeds; the flute has ceased, and drearily still is the gray horizon, seen through the skeleton boughs—seen behind the ragged sky-line of shaft and parapet in the skeleton palace.

Darrell does not visit Waife's room that day; he concludes that Waife and Sophy would wish to be much alone; he dreads renewal of the only subject on which he has no cheering word to say. Sophy's smile, Sophy's face haunted him. In vain he repeated to himself—"Tut, it will soon pass—only a girl's first fancy."

But Sophy does not come back to Waife's room when the Morleys have left it; Waife creeps into her room as before, and, as before, there she sits—still as if in slumber. She comes in, however, of her own accord, to assist, as usual, in the meal which he takes apart in his room: helps him—helps herself, but eats nothing. She talks, however, almost gayly; hopes he will be well enough to leave the next day; wonders whether Sir Isaac has missed them very much; reads to him Lady Montfort's affectionate letter to herself; and, when dinner is over, and Waife's chair drawn to the fireside, she takes her old habitual place on the stool beside him, and says—"Now, dear grandfather—all about yourself—what happy thing has chanced to you?"

Alas! poor Waife has but little heart to speak; but he forces himself; what he has to say may do good to her.

"You know that, on my own account, I had reasons for secrecy—change of name. I shunned all those whom I had ever known in former days; could take no calling in life by which I might be recognized; deemed it a blessed mercy of Providence that when, not able to resist offers that would have enabled me to provide for you as I never otherwise could, I assented to hazard an engagement at a London theatre—trusting for my incognito to an actor's arts of disguise—came the accident which, of itself, annihilated the temptation into which I had suffered myself to be led. For, ah child! had it been known who and what was the William Waife whose stage-mime tricks moved harmless mirth, or tears as pleasant, the audience would have risen, not to applaud, but hoot—'Off, off,' from both worlds—the Mimic as the Real! Well, had I been dishonest, you—you alone felt that I could not have dared to take you, guiltless infant, by the hand. You remember that, on my return to Rugge's wandering theatre, bringing you with me, I exaggerated the effects of my accident—affected to have lost voice—stipulated to be spared appearing on his stage. That was not the mere pride of manhood shrinking from the display of physical afflictions. No. In the first village that we arrived at I recognized an old friend, and I saw that, in spite of time, and the accident that had disfigured me, he recognized me, and turned away his face, as if in loathing. An old friend, Sophy—an old friend! Oh, it pierced me to the heart; and I resolved, from that day, to escape from Rugge's stage; and I consented, till the means of escape, and some less dependent mode of livelihood were found, to live on thy earnings, child; for if I were discovered by other old friends, and they spoke out, my disgrace would reflect on you, and better to accept support from you than that! Alas! appearances were so strong against me I never deemed they could be cleared away, even from the sight of my nearest friends. But Providence, you know, has been so kind to us hitherto; and so Providence will be kind to us again, Sophy. And now, the very man I thought most hard to me—this very Guy Darrell, under whose roof we are—has been the man to make those whose opinion I most value know that I am not dishonest; and Providence has raised a witness on my behalf in that very Mr. Hartopp who judged me (and any one else might have done the same) too bad to be fit company for you! And that is why I am congratulated; and oh, Sophy! though I have borne it as Heaven does enable us to bear what of ourselves we could not, and though one learns to shrug a patient shoulder under the obloquy which may be heaped on us by that crowd of mere strangers to us and to each other, which is called 'the WORLD,' yet to slink out of sight from a friend, as one more to be shunned than a foe—to take, like a coward, the lashings of scorn—to wince, one raw sore, from the kindness of Pity—to feel that in life the sole end of each shift and contrivance is to slip the view-hallo, into a grave without epitaph, by paths as stealthy and sly as the poor hunted fox, when his last chance—and sole one—is, by winding and doubling, to run under the earth; to know that it would be an ungrateful imposture to take chair at the board—at the hearth, of the man who, unknowing your secret, says—'Friend, be social;' accepting not a crust that one does not pay for, lest one feel a swindler to the kind fellow-creature whose equal we must not be!—all this—all this, Sophy, did at times chafe and gall more than I ought to have let it do, considering that there was ONE who saw it all, and would—Don't cry, Sophy; it is all over now."

"Not cry! Oh, it does me so much good!"

"All over now! I am under this roof—without shame or scruple; and if Guy Darrell, knowing all my past, has proved my innocence in the eyes of those whom alone I cared for, I feel as if I had the right to stand before any crowd of men erect and shameless—a Man once more with Men! Oh, darling, let me but see thy old happy smile again! The happy smiles of the young are the sunshine of the old. Be patient—be firm; Providence is so very kind, Sophy."

* "See the wretch who long has tost," etc.—GRAY.

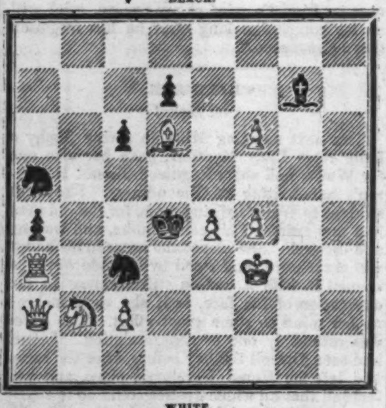
CHESS CHRONICLE.

BY C. H. STANLEY.

PROBLEM X.

BY A. K.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in two moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"PATTERSON" (Philadelphia). Mr. K.'s problem, which you were kind enough to inclose, is so pretty that we can not help serving it up on our gridiron of this week; although, as a principle, we are opposed to two-move positions.——S. L. (Florence). Too late! Will excuse you this once, however, as it is the first time we have caught you tripping. Our readers expect, by-the-way, that you incontinently send us a five-move problem *as is a problem* by way of atonement.——Solutions to Problem VIII. have been received from J. C. K., "IMPRIMIS," A. G. C. and J. A. C. (Albany), J. D. G. (Cincinnati), C. C. T. (Dunkirk), "SCHACHSPIELER" (Watertown), J. B. K., S. N., W. H. E., F. W. (Philadelphia), T. J. B. (Richmond, Virginia), E. W. N., C. U. P., J. E. T., Dr. H., "SUBSCRIBER," C. H., "NOVICE," W. M. R., C. W. R. (Evansville), W. H. E. (Augusta), W. H. C., and "TROIS TOURS."——Solutions to Problem IX. also received from J. M., L. R., C. T., and F. L. ——J. G. (Brooklyn). Received with pleasure.——"SILVER SPURS." Write to the Secretary.——T. D. (Auburn), T. J. B. (Richmond), "SUBSCRIBER." Quite right as to S. L.'s problem; also J. F. and C. T.——D. H. L. Each piece is represented by its initial letter, and Kt distinguishes Knight from King. K B P means King's Bishop's Pawn; and P to K 4 means Pawn to King's fourth square. Surely you understand now?——T. F. S. (Fond du Lac). Problems examined and found *wanting*. Also those of "SILENTIA," G. K., and M. R.——"NAYAUG." Solution quite right. Sorry to hurt your *feelinks*, but people with such outlandish names must take the consequences.——Thanks for invitation to checkmate trout in Roaring Brook. If ever that way, will throw a line and go in for a *draw*, anyhow.——"EXAMINER." What's the matter? Why don't you report progress? Let us hear from you sharp. ——F. W. (Philadelphia). Pleased to hear from you, and obliged by your attention in forwarding the "Bulletin."

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM IX.

	White.	Black.
1.	Q to B 8 (ch)	Kt to Q 2
2.	Q to B 4 (ch)	B to Q 4
3.	P to K 4	Any thing
4.	Q or Kt checkmates	

SOLUTION TO ENIGMA I.

	White.	Black.
1.	B to K Kt	B takes Kt (*)
2.	B to R 2	B takes B
3.	Kt to B 3 checkmate	

(*) If "P to B 5 (ch)," White takes Pawn (ch), etc.; and if "K to K 4," Bishop checks at R 2, in any event forcing mate on the third move.

SOLUTION TO ENIGMA II.

	White.	Black.
1.	R takes dble. P	K to Kt 4 (*)
2.	Kt to Q 6 (ch)	K takes R
3.	P checkmates	

(*) If "K to Q 4," Knight checks at King's third square, and next mates with Bishop.

ENIGMA III.

BY "PATTERSON" (PHILADELPHIA).

White to play and checkmate in three moves.

WHITE.—K at K R 3. Q at Q B. Kt's at K B 3 and Q Kt 4. P's at K Kt 2, Q 3, and Q 5.

BLACK.—K at K B 5. B at Q 3. Kt at Q R 4. R at K R. P's at K R 5, K B 4, K 6, and Q 5.

MORPHY IN PARIS.—Paul Morphy's chess career partakes of the marvelous in more ways than one. Not alone does he astonish the world by his unparalleled skill, whether exhibited across the board or without any board at all, but those best versed in the statistics of the game are almost as much nonplused by the inconceivable *evenness* of his play. He is the only chess-player that we ever knew who appears never to make an oversight or a weak move—or if ever, it is once in a moon's age. In corroboration of this statement we append a list of *killed and wounded*, being a short summary of his doings, so far, during his present sojourn in Paris:

Even Games.	Won by Mr. M.	Lost by Mr. M.	Drawn.
Laroche	5	0	2
De Riviere	6	1	1
Journoud	12	0	0
Budinsky	7	0	0
Boucher	2	0	0
Harrwitz	5	2	1
Odds of Pawn and Move.			
Devink	0	2	0
Guibert	1	0	0
Lecrevain	5	0	2
Lequesne	3	0	0
Delannoy	4	0	0
Consultation Games.			
De Riviere and Journoud	0	0	1
St. Amant and Lequesne.	2	0	0
St. Amantand L. F. de L'E.	3	0	0

The following short and dashing encounter with M. Journoud is one of Mr. Morphy's latest successes. It took place at the Café de la Régence, and was witnessed by a complete *bevy* of dukes, marquises, and celebrities of every description:

(Sicilian Opening.)

	White (*Mr. M.*)	Black (*Mr. J.*)
1.	P to K 4	P to Q B 4
2.	P to Q 4	P takes P
3.	K Kt to K B 3	P to K 4
4.	K B to Q B 4	K B to K 2
5.	P to Q B 3	P to Q 3
6.	Q to Q Kt 3	P takes P
7.	K B takes P (ch)	K to B sq
8.	Q Kt takes P	Q Kt to Q B 3
9.	B takes K Kt	K R takes B
10.	Castles	Q to K sq
11.	K Kt to Kt 5	B takes Kt
12.	B takes B	B to K 3
13.	Kt to Q 5	P to K R 3
14.	P to K B 4	Q to Q 2
15.	P takes K P (dis ch)	K to K sq
16.	Kt to Q B 7 (ch)	Q takes Kt
17.	Q takes B (ch)	

White wins.

EPIGRAMS.

BY R. BULWER LYTTON.

On —— receiving the Cross of St. Anne.

In ancient days—and no great loss—
They hung the knave upon the cross;
How differently they now behave,
And hang the cross upon the knave!

We thought it not a wonder slight
The ass of Balaam *spoke*;
Now every ass begins to *write*,
That ass is quite a joke!

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